

A GREAT STORY OF YALE ATHLETIC SPORTS!

Good Stories

FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

—OF—
Young Athletes.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1906 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 25.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY AT YALE; OR, MAKING THE START IN COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



Then the silk-hatted sophomores caught it in the wildest freshman rush on record! Manley's first snowball sent Eastman's hat flying. What followed was a personal affair of deadly hatred!

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CHAPTER I.

JUST FRESHIES AT YALE

"How does it look, Hal?"

"Rather comfortable, eh?"

Hal Spofford stood back to look at the effect of their attempt to make the room look homelike.

"I guess it looks good enough for freshmen," observed Frank Manley.

"Freshmen!" sighed Hal, disgustedly. "We can't get away from that word, can we? Cubs! babies! freshmen! Just small kids, beginning to wear trousers for the first time! With hundreds of fellows always reminding us that we've no right to be on earth at all! Freshmen! Oh, yes!"

"Well, we'll get used to it in time, I guess," laughed Frank. "And, by the time we get jolly well used to it, we won't be freshmen any more. We'll be sophomores, and passing misery on to a new batch of freshmen. Well, if I had to be something lower down, even, than a freshman, I wouldn't miss this great old chance of being a Yale man!"

"Nor I, either," retorted Hal, quickly.

"Can we come in for a little while?"

A tousled head, with a face under it that was smooched

and streaked with dirt in places, appeared framed in the open doorway.

"Yes—when you've washed yourself, and in other ways have made yourselves fit to appear in the company of gentlemen," retorted Frank Manley, severly.

"Now, look here!" roared Joe Prescott, "don't you go to putting on airs and imagining you're a soph. If you do, I'll paste you!"

"You'll have to fight, if you want to get into this tidy room looking the way you do!" challenged Hal.

"What's the matter with my bunkie?" hailed another voice.

"If you're as dirty as Joe is, Tod, have the grace not to show yourself at all!" called Frank.

"Me? I'm worse!" came the cheerful retort.

"Then go over to the gym and swim for an hour."

"Come back, Joe, and leave those dudes alone," grumbled Tod.

Prescott's smudged face was withdrawn.

Now, Frank and Hal looked around the room once more.

They had gotten everything to rights, and had cleaned themselves up, into the bargain, and so they felt they had a right to be rather exacting.

It was not exactly a handsome room. Few, if any, of the rooms in Pierson Hall could be called that.

"Pierson" was the freshman headquarters at Yale. It is a barn-like structure, big and gloomy-looking from outside, and inside a great hive of dormitories.

The room that Frank and Hal now called home was perhaps fifteen feet by eighteen, with two windows looking out over a not very cheering view.

Off of this room, on either side, was a smaller room—the two bedrooms of the young men.

In Hal's room was a cupboard, a bed, a desk, a chair, a wash-basin—and nothing else.

Frank's desk was in the larger room, near the open fireplace, on the other side of which was a small bookcase holding the rather few books of the youngsters.

Across the room from Frank's desk was a big sofa, strewn with rugs and pillows.

Boxing gloves, fencing outfits and a wall machine were among the decorations of the room.

There were two armchairs, two desk chairs and a shoe stand.

On the walls were a few pictures—mostly photographs.

It was not a handsomely furnished den, but there was everything that was needed.

The quarters just across the hallway, those occupied by Joe Prescott and Tod Owen, contained many more pretty—and useless—things.

For Tod was the only son of a wealthy father, while Joe had a moneyed uncle who appeared to live only for his nephew's happiness.

They were just getting established at Yale, in the middle of the week, having passed midwinter examinations which showed all four of the youngsters to be capable of taking up the college work on equal terms with the present freshman class.

Frank, Hal and Joe had come to New Haven from Woodstock.

In the latter town they had been the banner pupils at the academy, and had been captain and lieutenants, respectively, of the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club.

Tod Owen, a fast friend of Frank's, had, up to a few days ago, been captain of the Bradfords, Woodstock's rival.

And now, from being the "biggest toads in a small puddle" at home, they had come to Yale, where they had found the puddle very large indeed, and themselves the smallest things imaginable—the newest freshmen at great old Yale.

With them had come Jack Winston—"Jackets"—the smallest member of the Woodstock club.

Too young to enter Yale, Jackets had, nevertheless, declined to be separated from his friends, and so he was now in another part of New Haven, at Dr. Burton's Prep School.

"Can we come in, now?" demanded Joe Prescott, gruffly, as he opened the door once more.

He was wholly clean, now, wearing immaculate linen, and with his clothing dustless, and faultlessly pressed.

"You look almost like a gentleman, now," Frank commented, amiably. "Yes; come in."

Joe pushed the door further open, stalking into the room. He was followed by Tod Owen.

"Got all fixed up across the street?" Hal wanted to know.

"Oh, no; there are a few things left to be done to-morrow," Tod answered. "Our place still looks like a roustabout's dream."

"Serves you right for trying to crowd so many fancy fixings into a small room," sniffed Hal.

"Oh, it'll be all right, in time," Joe declared. "Most of our frills are things that can be stuck upon the walls."

"Well, how do you fellows like it, anyway?" Frank demanded.

"No fault-finding doing," Joe acknowledged.

"Homesick, Tod?"

"Who? Me?" grinned the freshman from Bradford. "Forget it! Who could be homesick here at Yale, where there's something happening every minute?"

"Yes, and for the poor freshman there's always the element of surprise creeping in," laughed Hal. "You fellows weren't at Commons this noon, when I was, or you'd have seen what happened."

"What did happen?" asked Tod, as he stretched himself in one of the armchairs.

"Why, I was uncommonly hungry, so I ordered a pair of chops. They looked great when they came, and I was smacking my own chops. But just then a big soph—Eastman, his name is—got up and stalked over beside me. Told me freshmen weren't allowed to have any meat. Helped himself to my chops, and ordered the waiter to bring me nothing but stale bread. That big slob of a soph calmly devoured my chops."

"Did, eh?" burst indignantly from Joe. "If any soph tries that with me he'll find his mouth too sore to make eating a pleasure."

"Oh, come now," smiled Frank. "You've got to get used to the new order of things. You're a freshman, Joe, which means that in the eyes of the upper classmen you're just a big, stupid, ungainly, unlicked cub. There's a certain amount of nonsense you'll have to stand here while the process of making a man of you is going on. I've had a few doses myself to-day."

"What did they do to you?" demanded Joe.

"I'm not going to tell you just now, Joe. There's no use in getting your fighting blood stirred up. You'll have to take a few lickings here, Joe. We all of us will, I reckon, but I advise you to go slow on hunting trouble."

"Oh, I'll stand nonsense, if that's all," grunted Joe.

Hal laughed. He knew his friend well, and realized that there was likely to be a good deal of trouble ahead for Prescott.

"What did you do about the chops?" asked Joe.

"Why, I sat there, slowly munching on bread, until Eastman went out. Then I ordered another pair of chops, and had all the better appetite for waiting."

"Humph!" was all Joe said.

There was a knock at the door, and then a small voice asked:

"Can I come in?"

"Why, that's good old Jackets!" cried Hal, making a

dash for the door and yanking it open. "Come right in, old fellow."

"Why, you're out of breath, little one," commented Frank, as he held out a very glad hand indeed to the new Prep boy.

"I guess so," panted Jaekets. "I was coming along this way, when a big, slobby fellow——"

"Wonder if it was that same Eastman?" broke in Joe.

"——stopped me," went on Jaekets, "and told me that children weren't allowed here without their nurses."

"What did you say?" laughed Frank.

"I told him," replied Jaekets, grinning, "that when it was discovered that he was out, I'd bet a new rattle that there'd be a big row with the man who left the door of the monkey cage open."

"What? Oh, that's good!" choked Joe.

"I hope it was Eastman!" grinned Hal.

"What happened then, little one?" smiled Frank.

"I showed the big, slobby fellow what I knew about sprinting," laughed Winston. "He made a dive for me, but I beat him to the door. He didn't follow me inside."

"No," grimaced Frank. "If he was a sophomore, he knew better than to run into Pierson on a rampage."

"Well, how do you like New Haven, Winston?" Tod inquired.

"Oh, it's all right—first rate—but I wish I were over here."

"Oh, you will be, in time," Joe cheered him.

"Had your supper?" Joe asked, looking at the clock over the mantel.

"No," Jaekets replied. "Didn't know but you'd invite me over to Commons once—just so I can see the placee."

"We'll have to find out whether we can invite a guest as young as you are," Frank replied, thoughtfully. "Hal found out, this noon, that even a freshman is considered almost too young to be allowed any food over at Commons."

"Commons" is the usual name for the Yale Dining Club—a great student restaurant at the university, in which some twelve hundred students can eat at one sitting.

"For that matter," said Manley, "I don't care about going to Commons myself this evening. I've struck a placee where they serve a kind of chow that's new to us, and I'm going to sample it, if you fellows are with me."

"What's the game?" Tod pricked up his ears.

"Chop suey, down at a Chinese restaurant," Frank answered. "I hear that it's great stuff once in a while, and as it's new, I want to sample it."

"Chop suey for me, then," Joe agreed, and that proved to be the general sentiment.

CHAPTER II.

THE COLLEGE "MUCKER."

It was quiet enough in York Street, as the five young men came out of Pierson.

But things bore a livelier aspect as they turned into Chapel Street.

There were the hum and the bustle of the city here, and Jaekets had hard work to restrain the dancing of his feet in time to the noise and the life.

But the freshmen walked along sedately enough, Frank and Hal ahead and Joe and Tod behind, with Winston off at a slight tangent from Manley.

They had not walked half a block before they encountered six sophomores.

In the twinkling of an instant the sophomores formed abreast, so that they took up the whole sidewalk as they came toward the freshmen.

But Hal and Frank stepped quietly to the curb, moving off the sidewalk as the sophomores went by.

Tod hesitated for an instant, then followed the example ahead.

Joe clenched his hands hard, breathed sharply twice, but then came to his senses, and he, too, accepted the gutter for his road.

"Confound 'em!" growled Joe, as the freshmen regained the sidewalk once more.

"Just think of the fun you'll have doing that sort of thing to freshies next year, Joe!" Manley laughed.

"It ain't any fun now, anyway," gruffed Joe, as he made an effort to recover his good nature.

Down on another street, at some distance from the Green, Manley pointed out a transparency on which stood out the heathen legend, "chop suey."

There was a smaller transparency, with the same legend, over a side door.

Manley led them into a dingy hallway, and up a flight of narrow stairs.

They found themselves in a large room with a dirty floor and several tables.

There were but three other men seated in this restaurant as Frank's party entered.

"Here's a table that looks big enough to accommodate us," suggested Frank, leading the way.

They seated themselves, Jaekets leaning out of sight in a corner against the wall.

Almost immediately a Chinaman came in. He looked immaculately neat, in sharp contrast with the general dinginess and dirt of the place.

"You likee chop suey?" he asked.

"Five orders," Frank nodded.

"You likee lice?" continued the Chinaman.

"Likee—what?" gasped Joe.

"Liee," grinned the Chinaman.

"Do you serve lice here?" sputtered Tod.

"Sure!" smiled the Chinaman. "Best lice in New Haven—eooked fine."

"Let's get out of this placee," growled Joe, half rising.

"The Chinaman's talking about riee, explained a young man from a nearby table.

"Then why doesn't he say so?" Joe asked, sinking back into his chair.

"Because," replied the stranger, "a Chinaman can't pronounce the letter 'r.' He has to use the letter 'T' instead."

"Thank you," nodded Manley, and took a quick but good look at the stranger.

He saw a young man of twenty-three or four—tall, rather raw-boned, but broad and powerful looking. He looked just a bit awkward and "ruralish," yet there was about this stranger a frankness and a kindness that made Manley instantly feel that he would like the fellow on acquaintance.

But the stranger, after merely glancing their way, turned back to his dish of chop suey.

"An upper classman, of course. We're the smallest kind of specks to him," thought Frank, with some inward amusement.

Now there was a heavy step on the stairs outside, and a big, rather red-faced young man half swaggered, half lurched into the room.

"Eastman!" muttered Hal.

"The soph I joshed!" discovered Jackets, and became smaller in his corner.

The big sophomore stopped at a little distance from the table, looking sneeringly at the freshmen.

"Freshies have no business here," he jeered.

None of the group addressed answered.

"I don't want to see you kids in here again," continued Eastman.

"It'll be easy enough for you to keep away, then," flashed Joe, but he wisely said it under his breath.

"If I find you here again," promised Eastman, "I may have to throw you all out."

Still no answer from the freshman group.

"Do you freshies hear me?" demanded the soph, coming closer to the table.

"I say, Eastman!"

The hail came from the raw-boned stranger.

"Hullo, Thayer!" answered the soph.

"Don't you think a fellow who is only a sophomore would do better to address me as Mr. Thayer?" asked the raw-boned one.

Eastman grinned, half-sheepishly. Then, to cover up his confusion, he added:

"I'm afraid I'll have to teach these freshies a thing or two."

"Don't be a mucker all the time, Eastman," advised Thayer, coolly.

Eastman flushed angrily, then muttered:

"You musn't try to turn freshies against us. They must know their place."

"They do know it," nodded Thayer, calmly. "They're told about it often enough."

Eastman, whose breath smelt offensively of liquor, proceeded, in ugly silence, to another table. Here he ordered chop suey, and lighted a cigarette while waiting for it.

Soon the Chinaman brought in the freshmens' orders, steaming hot.

He set before each his portion.

Chop suey consists of celery, onions and bean sprouts, cooked together with meat. Over the whole is poured a

sauce made from the Chinese soy bean. With this is served a dish of rice.

Manley's freshman party dipped into it. They found it much to their taste.

"I shall be here every once in a while," declared Joe, as he munched away at a mouthful.

So absorbed were all that they did not see Eastman slyly approaching.

They did not see him until he reached forward suddenly.

Seizing Joe's dish, the soph dumped the appetizing mess squarely on the floor.

Then, with a chuckle, the sophomore turned and darted back to his own table.

Hot-headed Joe flushed red, then purple, as he gripped his hands. He sat there, breathing hard, trying hard to control himself.

Manley knew that trouble was coming, and wondered how to avert it.

Eastman, having regained his seat, turned his back on the freshman group.

Slowly Joe turned around to look at his persecutor.

Then, still very slowly, Prescott slid out of his chair and scooped up both hands full of the moist, steaming chop suey from the floor.

With a quick, cat-like tread he was up behind the sophomore.

Slap! Before Eastman had the least idea what was coming Joe had plastered both handfuls of the sticky brown mess all over the soph's face.

With a roar of rage the fellow jumped up out of his chair.

Biff! It was a straight-from-the-shoulder blow—the best that Joe knew how to deliver.

Blub! It landed effectively on the tip of the big fellow's nose, sending him to the floor and bringing a rush of blood.

But Eastman was up quickly, bellowing like a bull.

Pale and dangerous, Joe stood his ground to meet a rush.

But Thayer jumped in between them.

The Chinese waiter, taking a single look, yelled out shrilly:

"Hi-hi! Muchee lough house. Catchee cop chop-chop!"

Someone else shouted from a rear room in the same pigeon English.

The Chinese knew, from experience, that a college row in the place might result in wrecked premises.

"Stop this, Eastman!" ordered Thayer, coolly but firmly, as he laid a big hand on the angry sophomore's shoulder. "You can't be anything but a mucker, can you, no matter how hard you try."

"I'll kill that freshman!" roared the bully, trying to brush the raw-boned man aside.

"You'd better beat out," advised Thayer, firmly. "The Chinks have given the rough-house call and the hurry call for the police. You'll land in a cell if you don't make fast feet. Eastman, you can't afford to be hauled up before

the Fac just now. It'll end your days at Yale, if you do. So take friendly advice and pat the sidewalk fast."

While talking, Thayer had gently but persuasively pushed the sophomore toward the door.

"Your time will come!" raged Eastman, over Thayer's shoulder at Joe.

But Prescott, having avenged himself, had the good sense not to answer.

They heard the sophomore go clattering down the stairs, and then Thayer turned back.

"Awful big fool, that!" muttered Thayer, looking at Frank. "He's conditioned, now, after his last exams, and he's been before the Faculty for scrapes so often that once more will land him outside of New Haven. But watch out for that chap, freshies. Trouble, or no trouble, he'll do his best to get even."

"Are you a Yale man?"

"Yes; Thayer; senior," answered the raw-boned one, shortly.

"We're deeply grateful to you for your help," said Frank, promptly.

"Oh, don't waste any thanks on me," returned Thayer, drily. "I never interfere with legitimate sophomore discipline of a freshy. But Eastman is fast putting himself outside the pale. He's a Yale man, but I'm sorry to say he's a mucker just the same. You know what a mucker is?"

"A rowdy? A cheap sport?" Frank asked.

"That's Eastman," grunted Thayer, "except that there's nothing cheap about his expenditures. A natural fool and bully, with a rich and indulgent father, he has a small but very choice following here. He's really something of a power, in his way, though, of course, the decent chaps don't have much to do with him, usually."

With which information Thayer returned to his table to finish his meal, as if nothing had happened, and as if there were no freshmen on earth.

As for the freshmen and Jackets, they finished the meal after a new order had been brought for Joe, who, meantime, had washed his hands.

Then the young men went for a long walk up Whitney avenue, after which they left Jackets at his quarters and kept on to Pierson.

"Come in for a few minutes before you turn in," Frank invited, as he reached his door in the dormitory.

"Won't you come in our joint?" was Tod's counter invitation.

"Not until you're all settled, thank you. Hal and I have had so much disorder that we're sick of it."

So the four freshmen piled into Frank and Hal's den for a few minutes of quiet chat before retiring.

"What a beast that Eastman must be!" muttered Tod, disgustedly.

"I'm afraid Joe is going to have a carload of trouble with him," spoke Hal.

"I'm afraid so," nodded Manley, gravely. "It's a rather tough thing to knock a soph down in a public place—even if it is only a chop suey joint."

"What else could I do?" Joe asked, half-sulkily.

"Nothing."

"Then what can I do now?"

"Take your medicine, old fellow, in case any of the other sophs take this thing up for class reputation."

Eastman was certain to do his best to make trouble.

The big soph was in for a pretty sore nose, even on the morrow, and sore noses make for ugly tempers in ugly men.

CHAPTER III.

FRANK MAKES A STIR IN THE YALE GYM.

"I wonder what time of the day there's a smaller crowd of fellows here?" muttered Hal.

He and his fellow freshies, in gym clothes, stood just inside one of the doors to the floor of the big Yale gymnasium.

It was just before ten o'clock the following morning, and the first appearance of the new Yale men on the floor.

There were seventy or eighty men out on the floor, or on the gallery running track.

It looked like a great crowd to Spofford.

"This is the first time I ever knew you to be nervous in a gym," laughed Frank.

"Oh, it's one thing to get out in that little Woodstock gym, but quite another to break in in the Yale gym before some of the best athletes in the country," grunted Hal.

"Show 'em how you can lift big five-pound dumbbells," joshed Tod, who himself felt decidedly nervous about going to work before all these Yale men, some of whom were famous the country over in athletics.

"Or show 'em what a dandy you are at rolling hoop," jibed Joe.

"I'll wait and see you fellows show off," grinned Hal.

"Well, as I have a recitation at eleven," Frank declared, "I'm not going to waste any time in bashfulness. I'll keep out of the way of better men—that's all."

With which he climbed the stairs to the track. Without preliminary, or looking about, he settled into a good steady trot, making some fifteen laps before he stopped.

Joe went direct to a horizontal bar, on which he exercised steadily for several minutes, though without attempting any of the fancy feats that he knew.

Tod braced up against one of the wall machines, going coolly to work, and paying no heed to anyone.

So Hal, too, fell into the work, all four of the freshmen taking to their stunts so quietly as to attract no attention.

It was not long, however, ere most of the attention in the gym was centered on the flying trapeze work that a sophomore was doing.

He was a clever performer, that soph, a man named Edwards, who was yet to do his best work on the flying trapeze.

This morning he was engaged in swinging on a trapeze until he got to going under good momentum.

Then he left the trapeze in a flying leap, hurtling through the air and catching at another trapeze nearly thirty feet away.

It was not an easy thing to do, requiring strength, speed, nerve and a clear head.

Of course, for an athlete, failure was not likely to be dangerous.

If Edwards failed to catch at the far away trapeze, all he had to do was to drop straight, landing on his feet in the net below.

But Edwards was doing surprisingly well at the work.

By degrees the other men left their stunts to gather around the edges of the net.

Two of the athletic instructors also stood by, one of them coaching the young athlete.

Twelve times in succession Edwards made the flying leap, not missing once.

"Come down now and rest," called the coach.

"Not bad work, that," observed someone standing just at Frank's side.

Our hero, thinking himself addressed, replied:

"Good, but it's not so awfully hard for a man in good training."

"What's that, freshie?" demanded the man at Manley's side.

Frank, seeing that he had made a mistake, replied, quickly.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you spoke to me."

"I am talking to you, freshie," came the grinning response. "I asked you if you call that trapeze work easy."

"Reasonably so," Frank replied, quietly.

"Could do it yourself, I suppose, as well as not?"

"I didn't say that."

"But you thought it?"

"I'm new in the gym. Perhaps some day——"

"No backing out, freshie," insisted our hero's tormentor. "Get up there and show what you can do."

Frank tried to move away, but his tormentor caught him by the arm.

"Gentlemen," hailed the tormentor. "here's a freshie who swears that he can do as good work as Edwards did."

"Let him try it!" came the answer.

"There's a mistake somewhere," said Frank, good-naturedly. "I don't remember having made the claim. If I did, it was a mistake, and I ask permission to be allowed to take it all back."

This modesty on the part of a freshman would have saved him from further torment, had not Eastman suddenly pushed his way through the little crowd.

"This freshie wants to be called," he suggested, roughly. "Either he wants to get up on the trapeze and make good, or else he ought to keep out of the gym."

Frank flushed indignantly, but said nothing.

"Well, freshie," insisted Eastman, eyeing our hero resentfully. "are you going to get up on the trapeze?"

"I'd rather not, this morning, if you'll be good enough to excuse me," Frank answered, quietly.

"And I say you must," blustered Eastman, "or else you've got to be set down as a miss."

A "miss" is a fellow who makes claims that he can't make good.

Now, Frank felt quite confident that he could go up on the trapeze and do every whit as well as Edwards had done.

But, as a freshman, he had too much good sense to be put in the position of showing off before older college men.

"Who!" sniffed Eastman, turning to some of the others, "this freshie's feet are getting chilly in those thin gym shoes."

The insinuation that he was a "cold-foot" was enough to send some hot blood mounting to Manley's head.

But he still would have tried to get out of the thing, had not one of Eastman's cronies joined in with:

"Bring a warming-pan for freshie's poor, blue little feet!"

There was something of a laugh.

"Go ahead! Get up there!" sounded Joe's impatient whisper in his ear.

"Here's a rope, freshie!" jibed Eastman, pulling the rope forward.

"Go ahead!" cried a few.

Manley hesitated just a second, then seized the rope.

As he began to ascend, hand over hand, with the nimbleness of a monkey, the onlookers began to realize that here was a freshman who had had some previous training.

"Don't try the leap unless you're sure you can do it," called one of the instructors. "Be careful to come down on your feet if you miss."

Sitting on the trapeze bar, Manley looked down and nodded.

Then suddenly he slipped out of his seat, caught the bar with his hands and swung back and forth, getting the trapeze steadily under better movement.

"Why, freshie can swing like a veteran school-girl!" mimicked Eastman.

"Hush!"

"Cut it!"

"Give freshie a little sympathetic attention."

Frank had carefully ganged with his steady eye the distance to the other trapeze.

He was swinging now in a wide sweep, and with splendid momentum.

Suddenly he let go, shooting through the air.

There was the instant silence of attention.

"Oh! O-o-oh!"

The gasping cry was wrung from some of the onlookers who understood the nature of the work.

For Manley's hands had shot past and under the further trapeze bar, and those below realized that he was flying through the air head down.

There was an instant, pervading shudder.

For an athlete who misses to land on his feet in the net is nothing.

But to pitch downward head first is vastly different. There is chance enough that it will mean a broken neck. Hence the feeling of those down below, looking up, changed like a flash from guying to a shudder of alarm.

“O-o-o-o-oh!”

The gasp, this time, was one of genuine astonishment. For Manley had not landed head first in the net.

He had not landed at all.

True, his hands had shot under and past the opposite trapeze bar.

But his feet had caught on that bar, and now he hung, swaying, head down, his toes gripping at the bar.

There he swung for a moment.

Then, amid loud cheers, he drew himself slowly up, showing all the splendid tension of his thigh, body and back muscles as he drew himself up and grasped the bar with his hands.

A second more, and the new freshman was sitting coolly on the bar.

“Great!” shouted someone.

“That chap’s no miss!”

“A lucky fluke!” bawled Eastman.

There were many down on the floor who believed that Manley, by the merest accident of good luck had snatched triumph out of the threatening face of death.

But Frank sat there, smiling down at the crowd below.

He saw Joe, standing stiff, erect and proud; Hal as unconcerned as if he expected his chum to win everywhere; Tod looking intensely pleased.

“That was first rate,” called the same instructor. “But don’t try it again. Come down!”

Frank should have obeyed. But something had taken hold of him that would not let him obey just then.

Slipping down to a hand hold, he again began to swing back and forth.

“Don’t try that same thing again!” warned the instructor.

But Frank, going at good momentum, again shot through the air, in precisely the same way as before.

He caught again with his toes, just as he had before, hanging there, head downward, for a few seconds, before he drew himself up to a seat on the bar.

“Come down!” ordered the instructor, as soon as he could make himself heard over the din of applause.

Seizing the rope, Frank slid down almost into the arms of the instructor.

“I must beg your pardon, sir, for not minding the first time you called,” apologized the new freshman, promptly. “But it is an old, old show piece that I have practiced so often that I am generally sure of it.”

“You’re all right, freshie,” called a man near by, rather patronizingly, to be sure. “You’ll have to show us some more things that you can do.”

“That’s about all I know how to do,” Frank replied, smiling quietly. “Just like the small boy who knows only one piece to speak, and speaks that on every occasion.”

His modesty did not fail to be noticed. It made a good impression for him among many of the upper classmen present.

Manley did not allow himself to be puffed up, anyway. He knew there were plenty of men present who, if they could not perform the same feat, would be able to do it after a very little practice.

He understood just what was meant by the praise.

He had done very well for a new freshman, and that was all. And a freshman is a pretty small potato at best.

“Eastman!”

“Well?” hailed the soph, looking around.

“You’ve got to make good at the same thing now!”

“Oh, cut it!” grunted the big soph.

“Surely, Eastman,” broke in Thayer, drily, “after calling a freshie a miss who does it, you ought to be willing to try the same thing for us.”

“I’m not doing freshman stunts—too old for that,” protested the big soph.

“Someone bring the foot-warmer for Eastman, then!” hinted someone.

Eastman reddened.

“Gym shoes too thin in the soles, Eastman?” called another, jeeringly.

“Oh, you fellows know I haven’t been in condition in a month,” growled the big sophomore, growing redder in the face.

As soon as he could, Eastman escaped from the floor.

“That’s the worst gang of freshmen that ever struck here,” growled the big soph, as he rubbed down in the locker room. “I’ll find a way to run them out of Yale or I’ll eat dirt.”

CHAPTER IV.

THE DORMITORY THIEVES AT WORK.

“Hey! Anybody in on this floor? Come here quick—mighty quick!”

The hail was so impressive that two doors flew open at almost the same instant.

Frank and Hal, Joe and Tod, stepped quickly into the corridor.

Bradley, of the freshman class, stood in the doorway of his room.

He looked highly excited.

“Yes, I called. Come in here, fellows!”

The quartette hurried curiously down the corridor.

Bradley made way for them to enter.

“Well, what do you think of it?” he demanded.

They had been in his room once before. On a mantel over Bradley’s study desk they had seen, on a former occasion, a lot of costly bric-a-brac.

Now, not one of the articles was there.

“Ever see a cleaner sweep?” Bradley demanded, bitterly. “Cost my governor over five hundred dollars, too, that truck did!”

“Stolen?” Frank uttered.

"Yep; unless it was taken for a joke," Bradley answered.

"That would be rather a stiff joke—unless sophomores did it," Frank returned.

"Sophs don't go that far," growled Bradley. "Their jokes are directed against your person. The sophs don't stoop to petty larceny."

"The cleaning people?" suggested Hal.

"Oh, no; the people who look after the rooms are reliable—they have to be."

"Plain case of thieves, then," ventured Tod.

"That's just what," Bradley uttered, disgustedly. "Think of it—thieves in Pierson! And no ordinary thieves, either. The rascal who made the wreck here had to use his own set of keys—or he couldn't have got in."

"You'll report it quickly to the Yale police, won't you?" asked Frank.

"Suppose I'll have to," nodded Bradley, throwing himself disgustedly into an easy chair and lighting a cigarette. "Precious little good the poor old college police will do us. Or the New Haven police, either!"

"It's a blamed shame!" broke in Joe, earnestly.

"Yes, you'll know how it feels if they get in your place," retorted Bradley, a remark that sent Tod scurrying to close his own door and Frank's.

"They wouldn't find a heap in our place," smiled Frank. "But I'm mighty sorry for you, Bradley. It was an awfully nice lot of stuff to lose to a plain, low-browed thief."

"But how could a thief get into this building?" puzzled Joe.

"Oh, there wouldn't be a second's trouble about that," muttered Bradley. "There are always strangers around, and a chap who didn't look just like a plain hobo or yegg-man could go all through this building. It would be supposed that he was calling on one of the fellows. But the thing that gets me, fellows, is that this is the work of some professional thief, for amateurs don't have pass-keys. Now, has a thief been going right through Pierson, or did he simply happen to pick out my room? That's what I'd like to know."

"When did you discover this?" Frank inquired.

"Just before I hollered to you."

"And how long had you been out?"

"The only time I've been out to-day was for the last hour's recitation."

"Then you've been out of the room only a little over an hour?"

"That's all!"

"And we've all been in during that time," Frank continued. "It's queer we didn't hear some sounds."

"Oh, you wouldn't pay any attention, if you did," returned Bradley. "You'd have thought it was one of the fellows at his own door."

"I wonder if anyone else has had his room touched up?" ventured Tod.

"I'll be glad to know," said Bradley.

"Here's someone coming now," announced Hal, thrusting his head out through the doorway. "Oh, it's only

Bates," he went on, drawing in his head again. "Poor old Bates hasn't anything that a thief would swipe."

So the five of them waited until they heard someone else coming—this time Arnold and Trenholm, two young men of wealthy families, who had the "swellest" rooms on that corridor.

"Keep quiet, and see if they sing out," advised Bradley, in an undertone.

The five waiting freshmen heard the clicking of a key in a lock. Twenty seconds later there came a yell of:

"What! Say, look at this!"

There followed a hurried oath.

"You fellows had visitors, too?" called Bradley, leading the rush to the other room.

"Is this some joke you fellows have been putting up on us?" demanded Arnold, sternly, as he looked at the hasty visitors.

"No, it's thieves," said Bradley, shortly. "So they've been in here, too, have they?"

"Lord, I should say so!" raged Trenholm. "Look at what's not here to look at any more!"

Trenholm's arm made a sweeping gesture toward the mantel, the desk, the walls that had been stripped.

"And they've broken into our trunks and rifled 'em!" exploded Arnold, leading the way into his own bedroom. "See there!"

The floor of the bedroom was strewn with wearing apparel that had been snatched out of the trunk in the overhauling.

"Same thing in my room," announced Bradley.

"How about you other fellows?" asked Trenholm, looking at Manley.

"Oh, they've been in their rooms for the last hour," said Bradley, "so they escaped."

"By George! a thousand dollars won't make good for us!" gasped Arnold. "And do you notice—all the stuff that's gone was small—the sort of stuff that a fellow could hide under an overcoat?"

"Let's hold a council of war," suggested Bradley.

"What good will that do?" from Arnold.

"It may show us a way to get on the track of the vandal."

"One thing is plain, on the face of things," broke in Frank.

"What's that, Manley?"

"Why, the thief knows whose rooms are whose."

"That he could get from the University catalogue."

"And the thief also knows the men, when he sees them," Frank went on. "If he didn't know that you fellows had recitations last hour, he at least saw you leave the building, and so knew who was out. For our door wasn't even tried."

"The thief couldn't be a college man, could he?" asked Joe, quietly.

"One of the students?" cried Arnold.

"Yes."

"Why, of course, a student might turn out a thief," replied Trenholm, very quietly. "But that's a disgrace. I

believe, that doesn't come to Yale oftener than once in a thousand years."

"I hate to suggest the thing, of course," Joe went on. "But what are we to think, when the thief knew just where to go, had the right keys to get in, and didn't make the mistake of trying any door where the fellows were in? What are we to think?"

"Oh, I hope it won't turn out to be a Yale man," Bradley broke in. "I'd rather lose my measly little second-hand stuff than find that a Yale man had gotten it."

That appeared to be the sentiment with Arnold and Trenholm, too, so Joe wisely forebore from saying more.

But it was a puzzle to all of the youngsters. Those who had suffered loss finally decided to report the matter to the University authorities, leaving it to the latter to take such steps as they saw fit.

No other losses were reported on that corridor, but it was found, soon, that two rooms on another corridor had been entered and robbed in similar fashion that morning.

Indignation meetings were held by small groups of freshmen.

It was something almost unheard of to have the students' rooms robbed in this impudent fashion.

One thing was certain by noon.

If the thief should happen to be caught, later on, in Pierson, something very much like lynch law would be meted out to him.

"I wish they'd let us keep dogs here," growled Tod, as the four new freshmen gathered later in his room. "I'd have the liveliest bulldog in here that money could buy."

"Well, dogs are not allowed, so it's no use talking," sighed Hal. "Else Frank would have his dog in our room."

"No," said Frank, shaking his head. "Towser stays with my mother."

Mrs. Manley had moved to New Haven, and was living at a boarding house. Frank's dog, Towser, was with her.

It was time, soon, for lunch at the big Yale Dining Club, known as "Commons," so off the four trudged for their meal.

Frank was down for an hour in a laboratory at two o'clock, his three pals being in for a lecture at the same hour.

Coming out of the laboratory, Manley swung along briskly until he turned into York Street.

A moment later he was in Pierson, and running up the stairs to his corridor.

Something occurred to him on the stairs that made him slacken his speed.

As he turned down the corridor to his room, our hero moved slowly, his head bent in the new thought that had come to him.

He stopped mechanically in front of his door, stood there for a moment or two, then thrust in the key and entered his room.

He was just in time to catch sight of a figure vanishing into Hal's bedroom.

Instantly Manley was out of his dream—more than wide awake.

"Come out of there!" he ordered, leaping after the vanished figure. "I want a look at you!"

But by the time that he reached the doorway of Hal's bedroom the little place appeared to be empty of any other presence than his own.

"That wasn't any dream or trance vision!" muttered Frank, inwardly. "I saw a man bolt in here, and he's here yet."

Striding across the bedroom, Manley yanked the cupboard door open.

There was his man, a rather strongly-built fellow of five foot nine, beardless, and seemingly about thirty years old.

He was not a bad-looking chap, and his clothing and bearing would have passed muster with that of most of the students.

At this moment the intruder was crouched as if for a leap at his discoverer.

"Come out of here!" ordered Manley, quietly, stepping slowly back. "I am not afraid of you. Come out here, and tell me why you are in these rooms."

"Don't you dare to make a holler!" cried the fellow, in a low, tense voice.

"I was thinking about that," Manley went on, as quietly as before. "I hardly think I will make a noise, unless you give me trouble. The fellows here at Pierson are excited, and they'd be likely to just about lynch you. So come out, and we'll talk quietly."

As Frank backed away the fellow stepped out of the cupboard, but with his eyes all the time on our hero, and in an attitude that showed readiness for defence.

"You're the thief, I suppose," said Manley, coolly.

"The thief? Prove that!" snarled the fellow.

Frank's quick glance showed that, so far, nothing had been disturbed in the room.

"When we find a man in a room that he couldn't have entered without skeleton keys," Manley went on, "we take it for granted that he's a thief. You probably don't mean to tell me that you came in here to pray?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything," snapped the fellow.

"Perhaps you don't need to," retorted the young freshman. "But there's been a good deal of stuff stolen from Pierson to-day. I'm going to send for those who have lost, and see what they want to do with you."

"Oh, you are?"

"That seems to be about the least that I can do," pursued Frank. "There's been a thief at work around here, and you're naturally under suspicion just at this moment. So, if you'll take a chair and wait until my room-mate comes in, I'll send him for some of the fellows who have lost property."

"Oh, you will?"

The fellow had been looking at Manley with a face full of snarl and danger.

"Now let me tell you something, young man!" snapped the intruder. "Sooner than stand for what you want to do, I'll kill you!"

"Oh, that's a different matter," Frank smiled, carelessly. "You can try it, of course, but I may prove to be just as handy as you are. If I'm not, one yell will bring other fellows here. What I want to avoid is having you roughly handled until we make up our minds whether you're the thief or not."

"Suddenly, to Frank's astonishment, the intruder went down on his knees, stretching out his arms appealingly.

"Don't get me into any such scrape as this, young man—don't!" the intruder appealed. "You'll be making a bigger mistake than you've any idea of."

"All I want is to make sure," Frank replied. "Surely, you can't object, if you're innocent, to being questioned by a few fellows who have been robbed?"

"Don't bring any one in here—don't, please!" begged the fellow.

Still holding his arms out imploringly, he worked nearer on his knees.

But suddenly he changed his tactics.

Launching himself swiftly forward, the intruder wrapped his arms around Manley's legs.

With a yank he toppled the young freshman over backward.

As Frank fell, his head struck against a metal rim on the couch.

For an instant Manley saw stars. It took him a few seconds to collect his suddenly scattered wits.

In the meantime the intruder had dashed through the open doorway and down the corridor.

But Frank went after him with a will, pursuer and pursued clattering down the stairs, but with considerable distance between them.

As Manley went he shouted for assistance

CHAPTER V.

MR. DUNSTAN GETS A SHOCK.

"Stop the thief!" burst from Manley's lips.

On top of this he vented the yell:

"There's the dormitory thief! Get him!"

But that portion of the big building seemed unexpectedly deserted.

Manley did not wait.

He ran out into York Street, striving to look both ways at once.

He was just in time to catch sight of a man turning into Chapel Street.

Frank thought it was his man, but he was not sure.

On and into Chapel Street dashed Manley.

The sight was not unusual enough to attract the attention of passersby.

Manley might be a student out on some lark, or he might be in training for the track team.

So no one paid much heed to him as our hero dashed down Chapel Street, scamping the crowd.

Ah! there was a fellow running fast on the further side of the street!

Putting on more steam, Frank crossed the street and dashed on after his quarry.

What a fleet runner the other fellow proved to be.

"That's the same man!" Frank thrilled, as he dashed on in pursuit.

He did not cry "Stop thief!" for there was no policeman in sight.

Besides, Frank wanted to effect the capture with as little fuss as possible.

He was gaining on his quarry as the latter darted around the corner into College Street.

But when our hero, himself, turned into College Street, his man was out of sight.

"Feller ye're chasin' went that way!" sang out a street boy, pointing down Crown Street.

"Thank you!" shot over Frank's shoulder.

He, too, rounded the corner and turned into Crown Street, going at full tilt.

Frank was going so fast, in fact, that he had no time to dodge the man who was attempting to turn the corner from the opposite direction.

Bump!

Young runner and old man came together with such force that the latter went down to the sidewalk in a heap.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!" cried Manley, and halting, gave a prompt hand to help his victim to his feet.

Then the freshman stopped short in his speech, looking wholly sheepish and confused.

As for the older man, he seemed thunderstruck.

"Mr. Dunstan!" uttered our hero.

"Frank Manley?" the old man almost thundered.

"Yes, sir; I'm Manley," Frank confessed.

In a twinkling all thought of his chase vanished.

"Frank Manley, how on earth do you come to be here in New Haven?"

Certainly, John Dunstan was thunderstruck.

He was the father of Kitty Dunstan, Frank's sweetheart, back in Woodstock.

As soon as Frank had made up his mind to come to Yale, and had confided the news to his sweetheart, Kitty promptly set about making plans for getting her father to go into business in New Haven.

It had been a hard battle, but Miss Kitty had won.

John Dunstan had not known that Frank was headed for Yale.

So this meeting was a tremendous surprise to the old man.

Frank was hardly less staggered by the thought that he had knocked Kitty's father down.

"How do you come to be in New Haven, Manley?" insisted Mr. Dunstan.

But Frank, quick to recover his wits, also made up his mind that it was no crime to be at Yale. As a young American he had every right to be there, if he chose.

"Why, I entered Yale this week, Mr. Dunstan," Frank explained, sweetly.

"Huh! Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Hal's with me, and so are Joe and Tod Owen. Jackets is at a prep school here."

"Oh, they are, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Huh!"

"Then I suppose it's no news to you, Manley, that we're here?"

"No, sir. I knew you were going to move to New Haven."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, sir."

"My daughter told you, I suppose?"

And Mr. Dunstan shot a brief but very searching look into Manley's eyes.

But our hero smiled back pleasantly, as he once more answered:

"Yes, sir. Miss Dunstan told me."

It looked like a battle of wits between the two, as if Mr. Dunstan were trying to trap Frank into saying more.

But Manley was on the alert. He was respectful, pleasant and candid. But Mr. Dunstan must ask more direct questions if he wanted more explicit information.

Light had dawned quickly on the old man. He now looked back and saw how cleverly Miss Kitty had trapped him, her father, into moving to New Haven—and all, no doubt, on account of this smiling young cub of a freshman!

John Dunstan swallowed twice, without speaking. Then, with a quizzical smile, he held out his hand.

"I was so surprised at finding you here, Manley, that I forgot to shake hands. How are you, and how do you like New Haven and Yale?"

"The same answer to all of the questions," Frank laughed, as he shook the old man's hand. "Everything is fine here, and I'm going to have the time of my life!"

"Hm!" said John Dunstan.

"How do you like New Haven, sir?"

"Why, I never did care much for the place, Manley. I find that my business won't take much of my time, so I've about decided to go abroad soon. I think I will place Kitty in some good finishing school on the Continent, run over here once in a while, and spend most of my time in Europe."

Frank never blinked.

"He's watching me to see how I take that news," flashed swiftly through Frank's brain.

If that was the case, Mr. Dunstan must have been disappointed. Nothing in Manley's face showed that he cared a rap where Miss Kitty went.

"Miss Dunstan will enjoy Europe, I'm sure," said the young freshman, coolly. "I've often heard her speak of her desire to go abroad."

"Well, if my present plans hold, she'll soon have the chance, I imagine," replied Mr. Dunstan. "I've a great notion for ending my days abroad."

"Yes, you have!" muttered the undismayed Frank, inwardly. "John Dunstan, who served as a boy in the Civil War, and who gets wet around the eyes every time he sees

a piece of red, white and blue bunting with stars on it, is just the man who is pining to live and die abroad—away from his native land."

So the young freshman answered, pleasantly:

"I know Miss Kitty will be delighted over the opportunity to travel and see new countries. Will there be time for her to receive a call from us youngsters before you go?"

"Oh, we shan't go for a month, probably," replied Mr. Dunstan.

"May we call in the meantime?"

"Why yes, of course. Why not? Kitty will be glad to see her young friends here again. She knows you're here, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

Frank didn't think it exactly wise to tell Mr. Dunstan that while he had not yet called on his sweetheart in New Haven, he had talked with her over the telephone every day.

"What day did you come over from Woodstock?" asked Mr. Dunstan, suddenly.

"Saturday."

"What train?"

"The 11.14 a.m., sir."

"Why, you came on the same train with Kitty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Probably rode over with her on the journey, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't see you at the depot, Manley."

"Our crowd got off the train three or four cars behind the Pullman, Mr. Dunstan."

Manley showed no surprise at anything. He simply couldn't be taken off his guard. But John Dunstan was growing more and more astounded every minute as he thought over the happenings of the last ten days or so.

The old man began to see, very clearly, that he had come to New Haven, and gone into business here, because his daughter did not want to live too far away from Manley.

In other words, as it occurred to Miss Kitty's father, he had been made something of an "easy mark."

Yet Kitty's father, at the test, was as game as Kitty herself. He pulled himself together, smiled, and said:

"You seemed to be in a tremendous hurry, Manley, when we first met."

"Why, I've almost forgotten, sir, that I was chasing a dormitory thief whom I caught in my room at Pierson Hall."

"A thief?"

Frank told Mr. Dunstan, briefly, about the pilferings in the freshmen's rooms.

"I'm sorry to have spoiled the chase," said Mr. Dunstan, regretfully.

"But I'm not at all sorry, sir, since my failure has given me the pleasure of seeing you, sir."

"Any more recitations this afternoon, Manley?"

"No, sir. I was down for only two to-day, and I've been to both."

"Have you time to show me around the college town, then?"

"Why, I shall be delighted, Mr. Dunstan."

CHAPTER VI.

FRANK FACES A GREATER BITTERNESS THAN DEATH.

For the next two hours Frank busied himself with showing Mr. Dunstan over College Town, as the academic part of Yale is called.

From there they explored through Sheff Town, as the buildings and grounds of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale are called.

In the latter part of the walk they encountered Hal.

John Dunstan appeared to take great interest in all that they pointed out to him.

"You young men have a wonderful chance before you," said Kitty's father, as he shook hands with them at the Green.

"Now, let's back to some study," Frank proposed, after they had watched Kitty's father striding away. "Joe and Tod will get away ahead of us if we don't watch out."

"Not they," smiled Hal. "I caught sight of Joe and Tod loping off up Whitney Avenue in sweaters."

"By Jove! I'd like a good trot myself," sighed Frank. "But at Yale a fellow's books have to come in for a part of the time."

There was almost an ominous quiet as they entered the corridors of Pierson.

As they went up the stairs Hal saw the head of Bates peer over a railing.

Then the head was instantly withdrawn.

But as Frank and Hal gained the top of the stairs to their own corridor they saw plainly that something was up.

More than a hundred freshmen had crowded into the corridor.

They stood there as if waiting for something to happen.

Among them was Watrous, the class president, looking as solemn as a judge.

"Hello! Why, what's up?" hailed Frank, as he and Hal halted in considerable surprise.

"We thought we'd make a little call," said Watrous, gloomily.

"On us?" Frank asked.

"Yes."

"Why, how queerly you all look at us," cried Manley, looking perplexedly from one to another of the glum-looking freshmen.

"We can't help it, perhaps," said Watrous, shortly. "Manley, do you and Spofford mind inviting a few of us into your room?"

"For what?" asked Frank, plumply.

The whole thing began to have such a queer look that he wanted light, and wanted it quickly.

"Take a few of us into your room," Watrous almost commanded. "Then we'll explain."

"Hurry up, then," begged Frank, making his way through the glum-looking throng.

But at his door, with the key in his hand, our hero halted.

"I don't know about letting you in, either, until we've had some sort of an explanation. We find a crowd of you here, and you look as glum as if you'd all got the worst kind of news from home. You want to come into our room? Why? What do you want to do there? What do you expect to find there?"

"Unlock the door and let us in," said Watrous, so imperiously that Frank was on the point of making an open kick.

But he reasoned, swiftly, that these fellow freshmen would not look so glum without good reason.

Nor would they want to see him in his room if they did not believe there was need of it.

So, reluctantly, yet curiously, Manley threw open his door and stood back.

Watrous went in first, followed, hesitatingly, by a dozen others.

"Can't the rest of you crowd in?" Frank asked, rather ironically.

But there came no reply. Most of the fellows were looking the other way, as if none of them felt much like talking.

"Come in Hal, and face the music—whatever it is," spoke Manley, with forced lightness of tone.

Spofford followed his chum into the room, where Watrous and a few classmen stood, hesitating, ill at ease, yet doggedly determined about something.

"Now," said Manley, vigorously, stepping to the center of the room, and facing Class President Watrous, "it's time to talk."

"I'm afraid it is," admitted Watrous, sulkily.

"Afraid it is?" echoed Manley. "What on earth are you afraid of?"

"Manley, we have a dirty, disagreeable task, and we'd dodge it, if we could," went on Watrous. "But in a case like this—"

"Yes, in a case like this," mimicked Frank. "Speak out, man! What ails you?"

"Well, it's a disagreeable thing for a gentleman to have to do."

"Oh, it is?" demanded Frank, looking fixedly into the eyes of the class president, while Hal looked on in amazement, his lips widely parted. "So you've come here to do something that you're ashamed of?"

"Confound you, no!" roared Watrous. "But we hate to turn a matter like this over to the police—"

"The police!" roared Manley, in his turn. "What in blazes have the police to do with anything here? Speak out, man! You've been dodging, now, for five minutes. That isn't your way, usually, Watrous."

"I know it isn't," muttered the class president. "It's hard to say. Manley, but—well, there has been a charge made that you're the dormitory thief!"

"The—dormitory—thief?" repeated Manley, slowly.

speaking in such a voice as might have come from the recesses of a tomb.

"A thief!" blazed Hal, the hot blood rushing to his face, and his fists clinching.

It looked as if Spofford would leap at Watrous and knock him down.

But three or four young men stepped in between, pushing Hal firmly back.

"Fact is," continued Watrous, hurriedly, "the charge is made against you both."

"It's a damned lie!" quivered Hal.

But Frank, having found his voice and his wits, turned and looked steadily into the eyes of the class president.

"Mr. Watrous, if you and the other classmen here believe this thing, or even credit it seriously, or even think the charge ought to be looked into and cleared up, then I don't blame you for your glumness, your hesitancy, your awkwardness in reaching the subject. But I demand to know who has given such astounding information. Name our accuser!"

As if stung into respect by the manliness in Frank's look and speech, Watrous quickly replied:

"I regret to say, Manley, that I can't name the accuser. The accusation came in the form of an anonymous note, copies of which were thrust under my door and under the doors of some of the other fellows."

"And you've listened to the charge of an anonymous letter writer?" quivered Frank. "You've given weight to the accusation of someone who was too great a coward to sign his name to the information?"

"It does look unfair," Watrous admitted, promptly; "but the information came in such form that we can quickly decide whether it's true or an infernal lie. Of course, we all hope it's a lie. We hope that, Manley, more than even you can—for crooks among Yale men are so few that you can count a century's list on your fingers."

"What does the informant say, then?" blazed Manley.

"He says that we can find the stuff stored in these rooms."

Manley uttered a short, bitter laugh.

"Oh, he does, does he? Well, do you see any of it here?"

"Of course not—not in sight."

"Why—Watrous—you—you—"

Frank's voice choked off, but he had stepped forward, his fists clenched, and one partly raised, as if he meant to strike down the class president.

Again the bystanders interfered.

"After you look, and find nothing, you'll apologize, won't you?" quivered Manley, his face white and his lips blue.

"If you want," said Watrous, quietly. "But, more than all, Manley, we'll—we'll congratulate you most heartily—if we find nothing!"

"Look, then!" raged Manley.

"Won't you help us? Won't you lead in the search?"

"No, sir!" Frank quivered, hotly. "I won't! Look ~~ourselves~~! Hunt, ransack, explore, pry, delve! Turn

everything upside down and inside out! You have our permission. Go ahead!"

He and Hal, both utterly pallid, despite the hot blood that surged around their hearts, backed away to the desk, where they stood looking on.

After a moment of awkward, embarrassed silence, Watrous and his dozen supporters began to explore the rooms, while other freshmen swarmed around the doorway, peering in upon the strange scene.

"Oh, dear!" sounded a genuinely regretful voice from Hal's bedroom.

"What is it?"

"My silver tobacco jar!" replied Bradley, mournfully, as he held to light an object that he had fished out of the bottom of Hal's cupboard.

Both of the new freshmen started, turning even paler than before.

But Frank, pulling at Hal's arm, restrained Spofford, muttering:

"Let the search go on, Hal. Never mind what happens. Wait until they're through. We didn't steal anything, and this will straighten out, somehow. It's got to!"

One after another stolen articles came to light, until a dozen, all identified as having been stolen from students' rooms, had been found.

The searching freshmen no longer looked at the two astounded, horrified occupants of the room. The hunters moved about as if ashamed of the work they were doing, yet which they felt had to be done.

Not a word was spoken by anyone in the throng in the hallway.

The Yale men out there looked in with feelings that could not be represented in speech.

But at last the search was over.

There was no apology now, no hesitation in the manner of Watrous.

"Manley," began the class president, looking sternly into our hero's eyes, "I hardly know what to say, more than that I never was so genuinely sorry in my life. You'll admit, now, the justice of our visit?"

"Perhaps," came steadily from Manley. "But I don't admit that we stole any of the things that you've found here. We didn't. How these things came to be here we don't know—but we will know, one of these days!"

"Have you anything to say, Manley, as to where the other missing articles can be found?"

"Of course I haven't!" Frank retorted, smiling, though he reeled slightly. "Can't you fellows drop this horrible suspicion?"

"Hardly, in view of what we have found here!"

The class president's voice sounded like a knell.

Frank pulled himself together.

Standing at his tallest, his face whiter than his linen, if that were possible, Manley faced his fellow classmen.

"Gentlemen," he said, looking fearlessly at as many as his gaze could reach, "I admit the weight of appearance against us. But, as Americans, as gentlemen—as our

mothers' sons—I assure you, on our honor, that the appearances lie. We ask for your faith in us for a little while. We ask you to suspend judgment until we have a chance to prove that we simply could not do such a thing."

Watrous glanced about him at the other freshmen before he answered.

"Manley and Spofford, your classmates are not judges, and have no right to condemn on the spur of the moment. You ask us to suspend judgment. I believe I speak for the class when I say that, as far as it is possible, we will suspend judgment for a day or two."

"But I asked you, also, to have faith in our innocence for yet a little while!" Manley broke in.

"As to faith in your innocence," Watrous replied, "that is a personal privilege that each member of the class—of the college—must exercise as he chooses. But there will be no prosecution if all the stolen stuff is recovered. Of course, if you and Spofford are unable to clear yourselves of this suspicion, you both realize that but one thing remains to be done as far as your connection with Yale is concerned."

"Give me a little time," begged Frank, "and I am confident that I can bring the thief to you—for I saw him—in this room—earlier this afternoon!"

"You saw him?" demanded a dozen voices.

"And didn't hold him and call for help?" demanded Watrous.

"He got away from me," Frank explained, eagerly. "But I chased him from the building. I followed the thief for some blocks, but he got away from me down in Crown Street."

"And you didn't call for assistance?"

"I did, but no one here in Pierson seemed to be within hearing at the time."

"Do you know anyone who saw you chasing the thief?" persisted Watrous.

"Yes, I do!" Frank cried, eagerly.

"Who?"

But Manley had become suddenly silent. He could not drag Kitty's father into this disgraceful mess.

"Who?" insisted the class president.

But Manley shook his head.

"Think it over, gentlemen. Come and talk with me, after a little," said Watrous, the last of the visitors to leave the room.

Left to themselves, Frank and Hal stared miserably at each other.

They were face to face with a bitterness that was greater than the bitterness of death.

CHAPTER VII.

"UP AGAINST IT."

"Great Scott!" wailed Joe.

"There's got to be something doing!" cried Tod, vigorously.

The two young freshmen had just heard the heart-

breaking, nerve-wrecking yarn that Frank and Hal had to tell them.

"What does it all mean?" puzzled Joe.

"It can mean only one thing," sighed Frank.

He was decidedly low-spirited, nor could that be wondered at.

"And what's that?" demanded Joe.

"Why, of course, you fellows know that we haven't been stealing—"

"Cut that!" ordered Tod, brusquely.

"Someone has been stealing," Frank went on, "and has managed to hide the things in these rooms. Now, no one would take the trouble to do that but a fellow who felt that he had some grudge against us."

"Could it have been Eastman?" asked Tod.

"If I thought it was," flared Joe, "I'd punch him for an hour steady!"

"You'll want to cut that out down here at Yale, old chap," Frank smiled, mournfully. "At home in Woodstock we happened to be about as good athletes as there were going. But down here at Yale we're simply newcomers in a whole college of better athletes."

"Oh, if I have to fight Eastman, it won't make a particle of difference to me who wins," growled Prescott.

"But could it have been Eastman who put up such a job?" wondered Tod.

"I have just one reason for thinking it was Eastman," Frank went on.

"And what's that reason?" Tod wanted to know.

"Why, so far, he's the only approach to an enemy that we're likely to have made. He's the sole fellow here, so far as we know, that we've displeased."

"Then we'll suspect Eastman until we know better," proposed Joe.

"But that won't do," Frank objected.

"Why not?"

"Because we've got to do a heap more than suspect. We've got to have proof."

"If Eastman was at the bottom of this thing," groaned Tod, "how on earth are we to prove it?"

"Well, do you fellows agree with me in suspecting that Eastman is probably at the bottom of the whole thing?"

"Yes!" came the low-spoken chorus.

"We can't afford to make any mistakes," Frank explained. "The time is too short. Unless we can explain this mystery to the satisfaction of everyone in a mighty short time, then Hal and I will be expected to leave Yale behind, with all that that means to us."

"They can't make you quit," grunted Tod.

"Oh, yes, they can," Frank returned. "There is more than one way of getting an unpopular man out of Yale. What would be the fate of a fellow here who was sent to Coventry? A fellow to whom none of his classmates would speak? A fellow on whom everyone would turn the cold shoulder?"

"Great heavens!" gulped Tod. "I can't imagine anyone treating you and Hal in that fashion!"

"It's just what'll be done here," Frank replied, "unless

we manage in mighty quick order, to drive away the cloud that's over us. That's why I say that we can't afford to lose any time in making mistakes. We can't chase rainbows, and let the blow smash down on us. But you all feel sure that we ought to go after Eastman?"

"Yes—since he's the only fellow we know who has taken any plain dislike to us, so far," nodded Hal.

"Then I propose," Manley hinted, "to have Eastman watched—his every movement shadowed."

"But how?" from Tod. "Eastman knows all of us mighty well. And there is no one else we can ask to do it for us."

"You forget one," Frank hinted.

"Jackets?" whispered Joe, eagerly.

"Yes; he's the very little chap."

"But Eastman has seen him with us," Tod objected.

"Eastman didn't look at him. Jackets was almost hidden in his corner the other night, and Eastman didn't once look at the little fellow," Manley replied.

"How Jackets will love the job!" grinned Joe.

"I hate to ask the little fellow to take the trouble," Frank answered, regretfully.

"Then you needn't hate to ask him," Tod broke in. "Why, Winston would cut off his right hand to serve you."

"But to take him from his studies—"

"Studies nothing!" broke in Joe. "Winston is away ahead of his stunts at Prep. He told me that he wouldn't have to think of studying seriously until next fall."

"Jackets is the only one we can call on," Frank admitted.

"And he'd raise a row if you did ask anyone else," Tod declared.

"Then, Tod, old fellow, are you willing to go over to Dr. Burton's and see Jackets?"

"Yes; but why not all of us go?"

"We may be watched. Besides, there are other things that I want to do."

"What?" asked Hal, eagerly.

"Well, I'm going to see the Dean of the Faculty."

"What for?"

"He'll probably hear something about this affair, and I want to give him our version."

"Tell him what we suspect?" asked Tod, incredulously.

"Oh, by no means," Frank answered. "But I want to tell him that we believe this to be the work of a joker or an enemy, and that we hope to set the matter straight very quickly."

"Don't go to him," Joe advised, bluntly.

"Why not?"

"There's no need to."

"No need?"

"No; the Dean hasn't heard a word about this affair, and won't for the present. College men are not a lot of tale-bearers. You'll find that this business won't go outside the freshman class until we've had a chance to clear our gloves."

"Do you think so, Joe?"

"I feel sure of it. Otherwise, I have been greatly mislead in the Yale feeling in such matters."

"Do you all advise against my going to the Dean?" Frank asked.

"Yes; until you're sent for," Tod answered.

Hal nodded.

"I'm glad to have you all advise me," Frank went on, "and I'll do what you say. My head is buzzing so, and my nerve so shaken, that I can hardly think for myself this evening."

"Tell me what you want me to say to Jackets, and I'll go at once," proposed Tod.

"Tell him," Frank answered, "that I'd like to have him get on Eastman's track at once, and to keep there. Jackets will know what to do. His little brain can be depended on every time."

Tod pulled on his overcoat, and put on his hat grimly.

"How about your supper?" Frank asked.

"Hang my supper!" replied the Bradford boy. "The town is full of restaurants if I get hungry."

"Well, don't be seen outside with Jackets," advised Frank. "Eastman would recognize you too quickly."

"Are you two going to Commons for your supper?" Joe demanded.

"I feel that we ought to," Frank replied. "Not to be seen there would look as if we were hiding, or afraid to face disgrace!"

"Good!" approved Prescott. "Well, in about ten minutes it will be time to start."

For five minutes more Joe lingered dejectedly in the room.

Then he crossed the hall to his own room to wash up.

It was not long before he opened the door again, his face white with rage.

"Look at these!" he throbbed, in a low, tense voice.

He held up a dangling pair of handcuffs.

"Found them on your doorknob just now," he explained, as he closed the door behind him.

"A hint of our disgrace," choked Hal.

"Or a threat," supplied Manley.

"Oh, I'd like to get the rascal!" thrilled Joe.

"Could these things have been on the doorknob when you went out?" asked Manley, taking the handcuffs with a queer smile.

"No, sir! They were not!" quivered Prescott. "I'd swear to that!"

Frank placed the handcuffs coolly in a hip pocket.

"What are you going to do with them?" Hal asked.

"Keep them for the fellow who ought to wear 'em!" flashed Manley.

"Great! And the key is tied to them," Joe declared.

"That was thoughtful of the giver," Frank smiled. "And now, fellows, are we ready for supper?"

"All ready!"

By the time that they turned from York into Grove Street, on their way to University Hall, in which the great dining club is located, the three new freshmen were in a steady stream of students also on their way to supper.

It took nerve for the three new men, under the circum-

stances, to enter the great dining room, which already was filling fast.

But Frank went in with head up, and a clear, steady eye for all at whom he looked.

Hal, though he feared he would flush with shame, was much more inclined to pallor.

Joe looked at everyone with a glance which indicated that an unwise word or look would bring a blow.

It was an unwise attitude, no doubt, but Joe's "fight" was up, and he simply could not help it.

They made their way to their seats at a freshman table. Few looked at them. None spoke as they took their seats.

It was the cut of silence—the hardest of all to bear.

But Frank ran his eyes steadily over the order card, selected his supper, handed the waiter the coupons to pay for the "extra" dishes, and sat back to wait for the arrival of his meal.

Hal and Joe did likewise.

Nor could Prescott escape the knowledge that he shared in the "cut" given to the two new men whom he chose to blazon as being his friends.

There were two or three extra seats at the table.

Newcomers passed by in silence, no one offering to take the vacant chairs.

Those already at the table finished their meals as soon as they could, and left.

The three new freshmen were there alone.

All through the great hall talk, laughter and frolic sounded.

At the table now occupied alone by Manley and his friends all was still, save for the few dispirited words that the youngsters uttered.

Yet they finished their supper leisurely and bravely, then filed out again into the open.

"Whew!" muttered Hal. "We can't stand many more meals of that kind."

"We've got to, for a while," Frank replied.

"Until we've cleared ourselves of suspicion," added Joe.

"We!" repeated Manley. "Why, Joe, you and Tod are not in this fearful scrape!"

"Yes we are," Prescott retorted. "Just as long as you and Hal are. We're all in the same boat. We sink or swim together!"

"What shall we do now?" Hal asked. "It would give me the horrors to go back to the rooms for a while."

"Then let's walk it off in the open air," Joe proposed. "The open air ought to be good for a dose of horrors."

"I hope we hear news of Eastman soon," sighed Frank.

He had little notion how soon his wish was to be gratified.

CHAPTER VIII.

FASTMAN SHOWS HIS TEETH AND HIS FIST.

Their walk led them down into the quadrangle that contained the college campus.

Groups of students stood about, chatting, before going to their rooms.

As the three new freshmen approached a group of sophomores, our young friends, according to the custom among freshmen, stepped off the sidewalk, to leave it in the undisputed possession of the upper classmen.

But Manley noticed that the sophs, who had been talking freely, stopped short when they caught sight of the new Yale men.

The silence continued until the trio had passed.

Another group of sophomores stopped chatting, and looked over the heads of the freshmen.

"That's curious!" whispered Joe.

"Not at all," Frank answered. "They've heard."

"How? The freshmen wouldn't blab!"

"They've heard, just the same."

"I wish I knew for sure," muttered Joe.

"Then wait until we reach this next group ahead."

Seven or eight sophomores were talking in undertones.

By the time that Manley and his friends got near enough to step off the sidewalk the sophs stopped chatting, and seemed interested in the upper windows of the building opposite.

"Satisfied that the story is abroad?" whispered Frank.

"Yes! And I'd give a good deal to know who set it going."

"That won't be so easy to learn, I'm afraid."

But they were destined soon to change their minds.

As they passed out of the quadrangle, and reached the sidewalk opposite the Green, they encountered a single member of the senior class.

It was Thayer, the same who had interfered in the chop suey restaurant.

Thayer was standing at the curb, almost as if he were waiting for them, for, as they came near, he held up a hand to stop them.

"I don't know that I ought to say anything," began Thayer, "but I'm going to. That mucker, Eastman, stopped me a little while ago, and told me it was a nice lot of freshmen I championed the other night. He told me that you are accused of robbing freshmen dormitories, and that the goods were found in your rooms."

"It's true that we are accused," Frank replied. "And it's true that some of the stolen articles were found in the rooms that Spofford and I live in."

"Oh!"

"And that's all the truth there is in it."

"Yes?"

"We didn't steal those things, and we intend to prove it."

"I hope you do," said Thayer, non-committally. "It's none of my business, anyway, but as I got into that affair the other night, I thought it right to tell you the yarn that Eastman brought me."

"I'm mighty glad you did tell me—how glad I can't tell you," was Manley's hearty answer. "Mr. Thayer, I wish you'd answer a question for me."

"What is it?"

"Would members of the freshman class repeat this mean story to upper classmen?"

"If a freshman, knowing a story against a classman, repeated it to an upper classman before any proof or formal action had come to pass," Thayer answered, "then he'd be considered unworthy of being a Yale man."

"Thank you, Mr. Thayer. That's what I wanted to know."

"Anything else I can tell you, Manley?"

"No, thank you."

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

Thayer's manner had cut the interview short.

It was not because the senior wanted to be unkind, or because he feared to be found talking with the accused freshmen. His desire to be rid of them was due to the general principle of college life that advances from freshmen are not to be encouraged.

A little further on Manley halted his friends.

"So it's Eastman who is telling this story?" quivered Manley.

"Where did he hear it?" hinted Joe.

"That's the point, fellows. Eastman knew the blow would come, and now he has tried to make it land harder. He knew the story because he sprung the trap that we were caught in. It confirms our suspicion that Eastman is the enemy who has done this whole thing. Now, we'll devote all our energies to him and to no one else!"

"But what can we do?" quizzed Hal.

"We can't do anything until we get a line from Jackets," Frank answered. "But we have the satisfaction of knowing where we must aim all our shots."

"We can't hear from Jackets right away, anyway," suggested Hal. "Suppose we let ourselves out into a brisk walk for an hour—anywhere."

They let out their stride, going through street after street of the city.

In time they found themselves passing Heublein's Hofbrau, a famous German restaurant and wine-room much frequented by the high-rollers among the Yale men.

Inside all was light and laughter.

But Manley and his friends, who never frequented wine-rooms, would have passed by had not Frank felt a light but decided tug at his coat sleeve.

Turning, he saw Jackets, half hidden in a doorway.

Frank stopped. Hal and Joe started to do the same, but they met their leader's glance and walked slowly along.

"Well?" Frank demanded.

"Eastman's in there," whispered little Winston, nodding toward the entrance of Heublein's.

"Anything doing?" Frank whispered back.

"Oh, he's just in there with a party of college men. They've been drinking wine together."

"Is that all that has happened so far?"

"Yes."

"But you'll keep on his trail?"

"All night, if he stays up that long," Winston whispered back. "Frank, I'm in this to pull you and Hal through or go under in the effort!"

"You great little chum!"

Not deeming it wise to linger in the neighborhood, Frank would have passed on, had he not heard his name spoken the other side of the door.

"So that's the kind of a fellow Manley is?" a voice inquired.

"That's the way it looks," replied another voice—Eastman's.

"I wouldn't have thought it."

"Oh, for my part, I'm not surprised," Eastman replied.

"But is it sure that he and Spofford were the thieves?"

"Well, what do you make of the evidence?" Eastman asked.

Frank could wait for no more.

He pushed into the place, coming face to face with Eastman and four other Yale men.

They were standing by the cashier's desk, having just lighted fresh cigars, as if about to leave the place.

Frank's face was pale, but his eyes blazed as he faced his enemy.

"Mr. Eastman, I want a word with you," he cried, in a voice vibrating with anger.

"Manley?" cried the big soph, in astonishment.

"Yes. I heard you mention my name, and in no pleasant manner. That is why I am here. Mr. Eastman, you have been circulating a story about me!"

"I'm not accountable to cub freshmen for what I say!" cried Eastman, showing his teeth nastily.

"You are, I guess, when you go too far."

"Put the freshie out," muttered one of Eastman's companions.

"One minute, if you please, gentlemen," Frank retorted. "I am aware that freshmen are not supposed to butt in here. I wouldn't have done it without I had a big personal reason. Mr. Eastman, you have been repeating a story that reflects on myself and my friend!"

"What of it?" challenged the soph, sneeringly.

"It is a story about an offense that is charged against us at Pierson."

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" leered Eastman.

"Part of it, but not the part that relates to our guilt. Mr. Eastman, where did you hear that story? Who told it to you?"

"None of your business, freshie!"

"It is some of my business," Frank retorted, firmly. "It is, I believe, an unwritten law that no member of my class would repeat the story until the charge is finally proved. You couldn't have gotten the yarn from any freshman in college. So where did you get it?"

Eastman started, paling slightly.

Manley was trying to place him in a trap; perhaps the big soph saw that.

"I refuse to answer you, freshie!" he retorted.

"You repeat a story about me, a story that is bound to injure me, and you refuse me the satisfaction of telling me where you got your information. I appeal to those with you if that is the conduct of a man of honor!"

"Either come out, like a gentleman, and tell me where you got your information," challenged Manley, "or—"

"Or—?" sneered Eastman.

"Then stand, admittedly, a cur who will repeat a slander without trying to back up his right to utter it! A cur who—"

Eastman's fist shot out swiftly and heavily.

Frank saw it coming, and countered.

But the big soph's other fist landed full on his neck, knocking the freshman down.

"Throw the freshman out!" yelled Eastman's companions.

Frank was on his feet like a flash, white to the roots of his hair.

But in another twinkling, seized by several pairs of hands, he had been hurled through the open doorway.

Eastman followed, backed up by his companions.

"You get out of this, now, and keep out of my way!" ordered the big fellow.

Hal and Joe were at Frank's side like a flash.

But Jackets, knowing that he was not to be seen with them by Eastman, had the good sense to shrink back out of sight."

"You've not answered my question, yet," Frank insisted, eyeing his enemy.

"And I don't intend to, freshie," retorted Eastman, coldly. "Don't have the nerve to address me again. I don't associate in any way with fellows like you!"

CHAPTER IX.

CATCHING THE "MUCKER" TO THE BAD.

"Cheese it! Cop!" uttered one of Eastman's companions, in a low tone.

Frank had intended to hold on, no matter how badly he got thrashed, until he got some satisfaction from the sophomore.

But the policeman who was approaching eyed the two groups of students with a good deal of curiosity.

Frank felt, like a flash, that it would not do to add trouble with the police to his present difficulties.

Nor had his enemy any desire to get into trouble with the authorities.

"I'll settle with you later!" warned Eastman, in a low voice.

"Be sure you will!" came back Frank's spirited retort.

The sophomore group turned and walked on up the street.

Nor had they gone far when Jackets emerged on the trail.

"The mucker!" muttered Joe, vengefully, as he glared after Eastman.

"It won't do any good to call names, especially when the cur can't hear 'em," muttered Frank, bitterly.

"Oh, if we could only follow that scoundrel!" groaned Joe.

"What for—to fight?"

"No; that would only please 'em, if the rest are of Eastman's kind, for they're five to our three, and bigger follow. But I'd like to keep at Eastman's heels all the evening."

"Don't worry about that," said Frank. "Jackets is a very capable fellow. He knows what he's doing."

But the last scrap of pleasure had gone out of their walk. Besides, they didn't want to leave Tod "all by his lonesome" for the entire evening, so they turned their steps in the direction of Pierson.

They regained their rooms, but Tod was not there. Instead, Joe found a note, which read, briefly:

"Gone to look for you."

"Hope he won't look too long," muttered Hal.

"He's a mighty good fellow," sighed Frank.

An hour passed. The young fellows sat about dispiritedly in Frank's room.

There was no need to study, for the next day would be Washington's Birthday, with no recitations.

Then there came a quick step down the corridor.

Joe flew to open the door, revealing a uniformed messenger boy.

"Note for Manley. Sign here," was the brief mandate of the messenger.

Joe handed the note back, then quickly signed.

There was no envelope—just a sheet of paper from a note book, on which was scrawled:

"Hotfoot to me, corner of Crown and Orange streets. Tod."

Frank was in his overcoat in a twinkling.

So were Hal and Joe.

They made fast time to Crown Street, then put on an even better burst of speed after they got past "Hutch," the popular sophomore dormitory building.

At Orange Street Tod stepped out of a doorway to stop them.

"Quick," he whispered, as he stepped to Manley's side, while Hal and Joe fell in behind. "I think there's something doing."

"What's up?"

"I guess we've caught the mucker to the bad."

"What now?"

"I'll cut it short," Tod ran on in a low voice. "I was out walking around, hoping to run into you fellows, when I caught sight of Eastman."

"With a crowd?"

"No; alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes; and with Jackets following him like fate. So I trailed in behind Jackets."

"And the chase?"

"Led to a low grogery about three blocks from here. It's a place with booths in back, and a hallway leading down at the side. Eastman went in there. What for? To meet another chap. Frank, I'm cock-sure that the fellow he went there to meet is the same fellow that you caught in your room this afternoon. I want you to see if it is."

"Where's Jackets? Not in that dive?" Frank asked, anxiously.

"No; waiting outside, ready to follow Eastman again, if he comes out."

Owen fell back to whisper the news to Joe, while Hal, stepping up, got it from his chin.

Then Tod, signaling, stopped them at a corner while he went forward.

He was back after a moment or two, however.

"The pair are still in there!" he whispered.

Tod led them quickly past the place, a saloon of the most dingy outside appearance.

Past the main entrance was a side door that opened upon stairs and a passage leading to the rear of the building.

"Let's go back and explore," whispered Frank, as Tod softly held open this side door for them.

The only light in the passage came from a gas jet, turned half on, near the foot of the stairs.

Passing the stairs, Manley led the way back, peering with owl's eyes in the gloom at the rear.

There was another door at the back, a door with glass panels, that looked out into a yard in which there were signs that in summer the yard served the purpose of an open-air beer garden.

This discovery sent Frank back to explore the wall on the side of the passage toward the saloon.

Yes, here, as he had half expected, was a sliding panel.

Frank tried it softly. It was not fastened on the inside. It yielded.

Then, as he peered into the back of the place, thus revealed, he could have shouted for joy, but didn't.

For there, seated in a booth across the dirty room, with glasses of liquor between them, were Eastman and the very fellow whom he had caught in his room that afternoon!

His quick grip at Joe's arm was the signal that passed the news back.

The panel was open but a crack, yet it was sufficient for the youngsters, standing in the dark passage, to see well into the lighted room beyond.

Eastman was leaning back, smoking slowly, keenly eyeing his companion through half-closed eyes.

"So you're satisfied?" queried the fellow.

"Quite," said Eastman.

"No miss about it?"

"Not a slip. The thing was done neatly."

Frank quivered with the desire to swing the panel wide open and to jump in there, confronting the scoundrels.

But the time had not yet come for open action.

"Drink that stuff up!" directed Eastman, lazily, as he slowly finished his own glass.

Then Eastman pressed a button, and a waiter appeared. More drinks were ordered, while Eastman, throwing away his cigar, lighted a fresh one.

"It was so easy!" murmured the sophomore's companion.

"Yet it came near not being!" jeered the student.

"Tight places are my specialty," laughed the thief. "But I was a little bit squeamish for an instant. How some of your Yale men can run!"

"Yes," nodded Eastman, briefly.

The drinks came, and were disposed of.

"Well, that'll be about all," said Eastman, making a move as if to rise.

"Oh, I guess not," put in the fellow, almost insolently.

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

Eastman looked fixedly at his companion for a moment, then grunted:

"Oh!"

"Glad you tumbled," chuckled Frank's thief.

Eastman drew from a trouser's pocket a fat roll of bank notes.

He did not raise his hands above the table that separated them.

It looked as if the sophomore was afraid to show all his money to the eager-looking wretch opposite.

He counted out a few bank notes, folded them in a wad, and passed it under the table.

"That's all, then," admitted the thief, rising.

"But to-morrow!" muttered Eastman, warningly.

"To-morrow, sure!"

With that the thief hurried out. Eastman rose slowly, stretched, and grinned diabolically. Then he, too, walked out.

"Oh, if someone outside of our crowd could only have seen that with us!" groaned Frank.

"How will I do?"

Frank turned with a start, to find himself looking, in the nearly dark passage, into the cool, smiling eyes of Thayer.

Behind the senior stood Tod, grinning knowingly.

"That same idea struck me," whispered Tod. "I hurried out to find someone who would do. I thought of a policeman. But I hadn't gone forty feet when I ran into Mr. Thayer."

"I can't begin to tell you how glad I am, Mr. Thayer!" cried Frank.

"I suppose that fellow with Eastman was the thief you overhauled in your room this afternoon?" went on the senior. "But I want to point out one difficulty, Manley. You were the only one who saw that thief in your room, or even in the dormitory. So, while you can prove satisfactorily that Eastman met the fellow here, and paid him some money, how on earth are you going to prove that Eastman's thug and the thief are one and the same party?"

That was the problem that stared Manley and his friends in the face.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE ON THE CAMPUS.

An air of mystery and mischief hovered over the college campus.

It was just before eight o'clock in the morning.

The freshman class was out in full numbers, though the young men were split up into groups.

Nearly everyone was grinning, as if in anticipation of trouble of the kind that is dear to the heart of youth.

Nor was the reason for the gathering, and for the expectant, mischievous looks, any secret.

It was the morning of Washington's Birthday.

Custom decreed the annual snowball fight between the freshmen and the sophomores.

Chapel service begins at 8.10 every morning.

On this one morning the sophomores are expected to march to chapel wearing high silk hats.

Around three sides of the campus runs a fence. The seniors, or highest class of men in the college, have one side of this fence for their own.

The juniors, or men of the class just below the seniors, have also their side of the fence.

The sophomores, or members of the class just above the freshmen, have the third side of the fence for theirs.

It follows, therefore, that no part of the fence is left for the freshmen.

Woe unto the freshman, therefore, who sits on or leans against any portion of the campus fence!

But on this one morning of the year the freshmen are allowed to express their displeasure over the matter.

In a body, and wearing their offensive high hats, the sophomores file along the campus and into chapel.

As they pass, the freshmen snowball them. The sophomores, if too hard pressed, return the fire.

After chapel the freshmen again open fire with snowballs.

But now the sophomores retort vigorously.

There is a rush.

Freshmen and sophomores come together in wild conflict for a while.

Then the fight stops, and the incident is closed.

But more than one freshman is on hand, prepared to "work out" a grudge that he has long entertained against some particular sophomore.

If the freshman proves to be the "better man" of the two, then the grudge is wiped clean off the slate.

Naturally, during this annual affair, no great respect is shown for the safety of the silk hats.

"I can hardly wait," quivered Joe Prescott. "There are three or four chesty fellows that I want to do something to."

Tod looked a heap, but didn't say anything.

Hal, who was between them, flushed, gripped a snowball tighter, and bit his lips.

Frank Manley, too, preserved silence.

Yet the hot blood was surging within him, despite the low notch at which the mercury stood.

More than any other freshman on the campus, he had a grudge to work off on this morning.

"I want you fellows to leave Eastman to me through it all."

That was what he had said to his friends before they left their rooms, and they had all agreed to it.

"Here come the sophs!" rose a voice.

There was a subdued cheer as the first high hats appeared on the campus.

But as yet there was no storm of snowballs.

The freshmen wanted to play fair, so they waited until all of the long line of sophomores had crowded into the campus.

In the meantime the freshmen had stretched their own line out, in order that the attack might be well delivered.

But Manley, watchful as a cat, stole down the freshman line that he might be right close to Eastman when the fusilade began.

Twice Manley shifted slightly, though without appearing to look at Eastman at all.

Then someone threw a snowball—the signal.

In another instant the air was full of white missiles, most of them flying with fairly good aim.

The sophomores were forced to stoop and pick up snow as they hurried along.

Cheers went up whenever a silk hat went sailing.

Manley had a chance to deliver two snowballs.

The first struck Eastman just under the ear, causing him to reel a little.

Whack! The second ball scored on the rim of Eastman's tile, knocking it from his head.

But Eastman, snatching up his headgear, hurried on.

"What ails my aim?" grated Manley.

Eastman had gotten by. The sophomores were soon in chapel, and the first round of the inter-class fight was over.

More than a score of silk hats had been ruined, but Frank's foe still kept his uninjured.

"Never mind," whispered Joe. "You'll have a real chance to soak him after chapel!"

Perhaps it wasn't the exact spirit in which one should go to chapel, but Joe simply "couldn't help it."

The service was brief, as it always was.

Then seniors and juniors left the church, most of them hurrying away to leave a clear field for the combatants.

Then out came the freshmen, fairly diving into the snow in their eagerness to get ammunition ready.

A yell. "Here come the sophs!"

In the interest of fair play, the freshmen waited until their natural enemies had gotten out in force.

Then the silk-hatted sophomores caught it in the wildest freshman rush on record.

Manley was waiting, with a smile on his face.

His first snowball sent Eastman's hat flying.

What followed between them was a personal affair of deadly hatred.

For Eastman, though he reached for snow, had no intention of throwing it.

Like a flash, and with the roar of a bull, the big sophomore was up and leaping at our hero.

But Manley, in that same twinkling, went down.

As Eastman's blow missed, Frank caught the fellow's foot, yanked it up, and dumped the sophomore on his back.

In another twinkling the new freshman had piled on top of the enemy.

Eastman struggled to throw him off.

But Manley was not easily to be shaken.

He hung on with a grip of death. With one hand he forced Eastman's face over in the snow, while the forefinger of that hand bored against Eastman's jawbone just under the lobe of the ear.

The pain that that sophomore suffered for a few minutes was intense.

"Get up, you beast!" roared Eastman.

"Say please!" taunted Frank.

"You go to the deuce!"

"All right."

Frank, still smiling, applied the more pressure.

Eastman tried to wriggle out of the clutch, but in vain.

"I'll thrash you for this," snarled the bigger man.

"Spell 'can.'" jeered Frank.

Eastman made the fight of his life, but Manley, having all the advantage, held on for all he was worth.

"Confound you——" began the soph.

Plump! Frank's other hand dumped a liberal lot of snow into the fellow's open mouth.

There was a bit of dirt and gravel mixed up with the snow, but that didn't matter.

Swash! Frank dumped enough snow down the soph's neck to last a little while.

"Get up off me, you infernal beast!" cried Eastman again.

"When you say please!"

But the soph only fought the harder. He was well nigh helpless, though.

All around them the battle raged.

Here and there sophs and freshies went to the aid of their own classmates, who were being sorely pressed.

But no one interfered with these two combatants.

Nor could Eastman call for help.

That would have subjected him to the ridicule of the whole college.

"Had enough?" demanded Frank, when he had dumped all the snow he could down his enemy's neck, and had, besides, plastered his mouth, nose and ears full of the mixture of white stuff and dirt.

"Let up!"

"Had enough?"

"I'll show you when I get up!"

"When are you going to get up?" mocked Manley.

Then the new freshman fell to washing his adversary's face with great handfuls of snow, and that face, despite its cold bath, was red and hot with rage.

Then came the calls which showed that the scrimmage was closing.

"You can get up, now!"

With a sudden bound Manley leaped to his own feet and bounded back.

Nor did Eastman lose any time in getting up.

Once on his feet, he wasted no time, but made a rush at his tormentor.

Frank dodged nimbly, leading his foe on to rush after him that counted for nothing.

"Stop that!" shouted someone. "The scrimmage is over!"

But Eastman paid no heed.

As Manley vaulted the sacred fence the soph went over after him.

But it happened that all who were left near them were freshmen.

"That soph doesn't know when to quit. Chase the mucker!" piped a wiry little freshman.

Eastman knew well enough what it meant, under the circumstances, to be caught by a bunch of reckless freshmen.

With a snarl of rage and a flashing look of hate at the elusive Frank, the big soph turned and streaked it.

Bareheaded he raced down the campus, followed by a parcel of laughing, hooting freshmen.

They did not try to catch the soph, however, for now Eastman was cut off from help by his own classmen.

They contented themselves with pursuing the fellow and subjecting him to a merciless fire of snowballs that had been packed none too softly.

But Eastman escaped through the Phelps gate, and was safe.

Hal found Frank holding the badly smashed wreck of a silk hat, and smiling at it grimly.

"I guess I had all the fun I waited for," Manley announced, softly.

The freshmen had fallen in the march for Pierson. Our four young friends went direct to Frank's room. They had a plan in view for the day—a plan which they hoped boded mischief to someone.

"Sweaters, and good shoes for running," said Frank, and smiled queerly at his friends.

CHAPTER XI.

CLICK! AND THE RAT IS CAUGHT.

"It's not a bad day for running," observed Frank, to his pals, as they came out through the entrance to Pierson.

"The first run we've had since we struck here," Hal replied.

"It'll seem a bit like old times," Tod remarked. "How far had we better go?"

"What do you fellows say to five miles along Whitney Avenue?"

"Make it ten, if you want," put in Joe.

"Well, then, we'll try for ten," agreed Manley. "We can see how well we hold out."

Whitney Avenue, broad and almost free from traffic, is one of the favorite haunts for those who are doing training running at Yale.

But as the run was not to begin until they reached Whitney Avenue, the four new freshmen walked briskly down York Street.

A half hour later a key fitted softly in the lock of the door to the room tenanted by Frank and Hal.

There was a quick turn, the door yielded, and the prowler entered.

It was the thief whom Frank had caught there the day before—the same to whom Eastman had paid money the night before.

As the fellow closed the door and looked around him he smiled contentedly.

"It's going to be easy, again," he laughed, half aloud.

From under his coat he produced several small articles.

"The owners will find that the thefts haven't stopped," mused the intruder, just aloud. "This time there'll be a quick demand for a search. Where shall I put these things? It'll have to be some different place this time."

The prowler passed into Hal's room.

Just as he did so, the figure of a little fellow wriggled out from under Frank's bed.

He moved softly, did this little fellow, gaining the middle room and edging close to the door before he was heard by the prowler.

Then some slight sound made the intruder suspicious.

Wheeling, he came out, just in time to see the little fellow slipping a key into the lock.

"Here! What are you doing here?" faltered the intruder.

Jack Winston gave the key a quick turn.

"Click! And the rat is caught!" uttered Jackets, smiling defiantly at the fellow.

"Here! Give me that key!"

"Not on your very life! The door is double locked now, and you can't get out!"

"We'll see about that!"

The prowler was quick in his leap, but little Jackets was quicker.

They passed in the middle of the room, Winston dodging under the outstretched arms of his adversary.

Now Jackets reached the window, the sash of which was up a little way.

As the intruder turned in his whirl, he was just in time to see Winston toss something out of the window.

"Keys gone!" declared Jackets, cheerfully, as he wheeled around once more on his enemy.

With his hands behind him, Jackets caught hold of a string that passed from the sash out into the open air.

This string he gave a violent twitch.

"What are you going to do?" Jackets wanted to know.

"You little whelp, I'm going to eat you, if you ain't too tough."

"Oh, I'm tough!" Jackets calmly assured him.

"What do you mean by your funny little trick?"

"What do you mean by yours?" Winston cross-questioned.

"What did you lock me in here for?"

"Why, what did you come in here for, anyway?"

"None of your business!"

"Live here?" mocked Jackets.

"You little demon, do you know I've got a good mind to wring your neck?"

"Have you?" queried Jackets, not the least dismayed.

"Do you know how easily I could do it?"

"No, I don't," came the taunting answer. "Going to show me now?"

"For two cents—"

"Oh, I'm broke," teased Winston.

The click of another key was heard in the lock from the corridor side.

"Why, you can get out in a minute," cheered Jackets.

"Sh-sh!"

The fellow cast a look of ugly menace at the little one, but Jackets refused to be afraid.

"There, the door is going to be opened," Jackets informed him, and spoke loudly.

But the rat in the trap was paying no further heed to Winston.

He stood crouching just inside the door, waiting for the barrier to swing inward.

"That's right," taunted Jackets. "Make a quick run, and you'll get through and away."

Then the door swung open.

With a snarl the intruder darted into the opening, tried to hurl himself at those who stood in his way—and then fell backward.

For just beyond the door there crowded a dozen eager freshmen, who had been summoned by the twitch that Winston had given the cord.

"Got your rat, eh?" grinned Watrous, as he stepped into the room over the three freshmen who had piled themselves on top of the intruder.

"He came, just as expected," said Jackets, gleefully.

From under the freshmen on the floor came a smothered grunt of:

"I'll kill that kid, if I ever get loose!"

"We like to hear ghost stories," retorted Winston, calmly.

The dozen freshmen were in the room, now, and the door was closed again.

"We got your signal all right, little one," went on Watrous, turning to Jackets. "Did you think we'd never get here?"

"Oh, no; I wasn't lonesome—or worried," grinned Winston. "The rat amused me with his antics."

"So you're the fellow who stole my traps, are you?" demanded Bradley, bending over for a look at the prisoner.

"Stole nothing!" came the growl.

"He has been robbing more rooms this morning, I guess," Jackets announced. "I guess you'll find some new loot in that room there."

Three or four of the fellows piled into Hal's room, returning with the stolen articles that the thief had left there.

"See here, gentlemen—" began the thief, pleadingly.

"Why, we had almost forgotten you, my dear fellow," Watrous cried, mockingly. "You must have a beastly bad idea of our manners. Let him up, fellows, and invite him to be seated."

The thief was not only released, but even yanked to his feet.

For an instant the prowler looked longingly at the door, but that had been locked again.

"Take a seat," begged Watrous, politely, pushing forward a chair.

With a groan the thief dropped into the chair.

"See here, young gentlemen," he began once more with his appeal, "I know things look bad against me."

"Very bad," Watrous admitted, grimly.

"But it was a joke."

"Take my advice," ventured Watrous, "and never play jokes on college men. They haven't any sense of humor."

"But I hope you're not going to get me into a scrape over this?" pleaded the wretch.

"Why, it's nothing like a scrape to walk down to court and tell the joke to a judge, is it?" demanded the freshman class president.

"Oh, you're not going to have me arrested! Not that, gentlemen!"

"That was our idea of the way to play a joke," Watrous admitted. "However, my dear fellow, it's of very little use to palaver with us. We haven't anything much to do with settling your fate. That's up to Manley, first of all."

"Manley!"

"Yes. We're just acting as his helpers, you know—sort of serving in his absence. But cheer up! Manley'll be here in a few moments."

A prediction that was almost immediately borne out, for Frank, Hal, Joe and Tod were soon at the door, hammering for admittance.

Their run had been a ruse—intended to show anyone who might be watching that they were out and would be away for some time.

And Jackets, in Frank's room, almost from daylight, had been left behind to secure any intruder who might come.

For that the thief would make another visit, for some purpose, had been our hero's reading of the scene he had witnessed between Eastman and this fellow.

Now, Manley looked grimly enough at the dismayed wretch, while Jackets gleefully related how the capture had been made.

"Caught, and with more goods?" demanded Manley, glaring at the thief. "So! It was nothing for you to ruin the reputations of a few new college men?"

"I—I've got to throw myself on your mercy," faltered the prisoner.

"Yes, we're likely to show you a lot of that," Frank retorted, "after the way you've worked to ruin us."

Hal looked at Watrous, who understood and turned to his classmates.

"Gentlemen," said the class president, "you understood, of course, that you came only to give such help as might be needed. Manley and Spofford thank you heartily. And now they would be glad to have all leave except Bradley and myself. That was understood, you know."

Nodding, and pausing only to congratulate the new freshmen on their escape from trouble, the fellows filed out of the room.

Frank turned again to study the face of the captured

"You're the thief, of course, who has been doing all the stealing here in Pierson."

"I guess you'll have to prove that," retorted the fellow, defiantly.

"Then you won't admit it?"

"Do you think I'm going to be fool enough to talk myself into State Prison?"

"Oh, well," returned Manley, indifferently, "it won't be necessary for you to do any talking, unless you want to. We've got you foul enough, anyway."

"Oh, you think you have, eh?" sneered the prisoner.

"Yes; if you don't want to talk it doesn't make much difference. We've got another man on our list who'll do all the talking."

"Do I know him?"

"Ever hear of a man named Eastman?" our hero inquired.

"Who's Eastman, and what about him?" the captive demanded, innocently.

"Why, he's the chap who paid you the money last night, isn't he?"

This time a cry was the answer. The wretch began to shake.

Yet he pulled himself together, saying slowly:

"I—I don't know—anything about the man you mention."

"Think again!"

"I tell you I don't know him!"

"And you don't know that he hired you to play a dirty trick on us?"

"I don't know anything about anybody," insisted the captive, now speaking boldly. "See here, young gentlemen, you might just as well give up trying to make me talk. I've nothing to say about myself or anyone else."

If the captive maintained this stand, then Frank feared that he would lose his only chance of hitting Eastman as he should be hit.

CHAPTER XII.

DRAWING BLOOD.

From his hip pocket Manley drew out the pair of handcuffs.

"Do you remember sneaking down the corridor yesterday evening and hanging these on our knob?" demanded the young freshman.

The prisoner looked at the things shrinkingly.

"They'd feel a trifle cold and nasty on your wrists," hinted Manley, dangling the handcuffs before the fellow's eyes. "But if you attempt to balk me any more, then on these things go, and off you march to the place where the police keep such people as you. Your last chance! Will you talk?"

The handcuffs dangled before the fellow's face.

He was shaking from head to foot.

"Since you won't talk, then on they go!" murmured Frank, unlocking the steel wristlets.

"Put 'em away. I can't bear to look at the things!"

"Then you'll talk?"

"Yes."

"You'll tell the truth?"

"Yes."

"The whole and exact truth?"

"Ye-es!"

"Good!" And Manley tossed the handcuffs over onto his desk. "Now, then, what's your name? Your trade name, of course, I mean?"

"Walters."

"Now, then, Walters, you admit, freely, that Eastman hired you to do this dirty work?"

Walters hesitated, looked sullenly at the floor, but saw Manley reach out one hand toward the steel wristlets.

"Yes, Eastman paid me to do this work."

"How did Eastman come to know a fellow of your kind?" broke in Watrous, curiously.

"I guess it can't do any hurt to tell. Eastman caught me in his room over at Hutch. I'd been to two other rooms before I got in there. Eastman was going to raise a row and turn me over. Then he got an idea, and talked it over with me."

"What was his idea?" Frank insisted.

"He wanted to drive you and your friends away from Yale."

"Oh, that was all!"

"So Eastman made me put back the things I had taken from the other rooms at Hutch. Then he told me to come over here and clean out some rooms in Pierson."

"Which you did?"

"Yes; of course."

"Were you in here yesterday, placing the stolen truck here, when I caught you?"

"That was the time."

"And then later you slipped in and left those handcuffs on my doorknob?"

"That's it."

"Then, last night, you met Eastman in that joint to get your pay for your work. And he ordered you to come here again to-day and do the same trick over again?"

"Did Eastman tell you that?" broke in Walters, looking up curiously.

"No; but we saw the money passed last night."

"You—"

"There were witnesses enough," clicked Frank. "And now, Friend Walters, Mr. Watrous, here, is going to draw up a written statement of what you've told us, and you're going to sign it."

Walters leaped to his feet, pale and choking.

"I—I won't sign anything of the sort," he gasped.

"Then you'll wish you had—that's all!"

But Watrous, ignoring the refusal, had stepped into the next room, seated himself at Hal's desk, and began to write.

The others waited in grim silence until the writing was finished.

Then Watrous came out, read the document aloud to Walters, and added:

"Go over to that desk there and sign!"

"I—I—"

Frank jangled the handcuffs once more.

His forehead bathed in cold sweat, Walters picked up a pen, writing with fingers that trembled.

Watrous and Bradley instantly signed their names as witnesses.

"In return for your telling the truth," announced Watrous, "we're going to turn you loose, Walters, on condition that you turn over all the stuff you've stolen in Pierson, and on the further condition that you leave New Haven, and keep away. But if you ever come back to New Haven this paper will be enough to clap you into the place where you ought to live."

Tod went out after four of the freshmen who had left the room a little while before.

These went out, with Walters in their charge, on the errand of getting and bringing back the stolen articles that were still missing.

Then a messenger was sent hot-foot to "Hutch" with a note addressed to Eastman.

Whatever there was in that note, the big sophomore was at Manley's door twenty minutes later.

"Oh, I didn't know you were having a party," cried Eastman, drawing back in dismay when he saw the seven young men in the room.

"Come right in," Frank insisted, smiling, mockingly. "It's a party arranged in your honor. Your friend—the fellow you paid the money to last night—enjoyed himself immensely. Now it's your turn. Come right in!"

At mention of the meeting of the night before Eastman had paled.

Now, however, he pulled himself together, putting on a fairly bold front as he stepped into the room.

"Your note, Watrous," began the sophomore, "urged me to meet you at once at Manley's room on a matter that concerned the length of my stay at Yale."

"I thought that was to the point enough," retorted the freshman president, coolly.

"It was an impudent note—that's what it was!" retorted Eastman, stiffly. "But as you are president of your class, I thought it better to come over and call you down, rather than merely throw the note in my waste basket!"

"It's a very good thing that you came, though," sneered Watrous. "For, if you hadn't come, we might have made use of another note that we have."

"Another note?" raged the soph.

"Yes; signed by a friend of yours."

"His name!"

"Name, Walters; occupation, dormitory thief." Watrous went on, calmly.

Eastman staggered, for an instant, as if the blow had landed between his eyes. Then:

"I have no friend named Walters," he roared.

"Then why did you meet him in a tough saloon, last night?" broke in Manley.

"I didn't!"

"Yes you did! And why did you pass Walters a wad of money under the table?"

"What are you trying to bluff me into saying?" demanded Eastman, stiffly.

"Oh, we are just recalling a little meeting at which, as it happened, we looked on last night."

"Who claims to have seen such a meeting?" demanded Eastman, looking sharply into Manley's eyes. "You four freshmen who are under pretty tough suspicion?"

"We four were looking on, smiled Frank. "There was one other witness, too. Thayer, of the senior class."

"What's that?" cried the soph, his face wretchedly pale now, and his eyes staring.

"And now," continued Watrous, taking up the thread once more, "we happen to have, Eastman, the written confession of your tool, Walters, in which he tells the whole story of how you caught him stealing in Hutch, and sent him over here to do the trick, instead, and also to ruin Manley and his friends!"

"What do you fellows mean to do?" he whispered, his lips ashen gray.

"You know what the faculty'll do, if we turn this evidence over," hinted Watrous.

"I—I suppose I do," nodded Eastman, his face now showing a sickly lead color.

"See here, fellows," he quivered, "I may have been a skunk. I suppose perhaps I was. But if you freshmen push this thing through I want to tell you that you'll be a good deal worse than skunks!"

"Yes? Worse than you?" Watrous tantalized.

"In the first place," Eastman continued, wretchedly, "I suppose you fellows know that my present standing with the faculty wouldn't make even a small scrape really safe. This row would put me out of Yale. Then my father'd turn on me and kick me out of the family. That wouldn't amount to so much, perhaps—"

"Rather a relief to your family, I should say," hinted Watrous, sarcastically.

"But the real sufferer," went on the sophomore, desperately, "would be my mother!"

"A skunk always does try to hide behind a woman's skirts when he gets in trouble," vented Joe.

Eastman flushed a trifle over his pallor, but he went on, his voice shaking:

"I know just what you fellows think of me for bringing in my mother's name; but I'll tell you the honest truth. She's so far gone with heart disease that the first word of such news will knock her over. You may hurt me a little, but you'll kill my mother!"

For a few moments the freshmen stared at the pleader with contempt written in their faces.

For they felt that a fellow who would stoop to the tricks of which Eastman had been guilty would not stop at such a simple thing as barefaced lying.

"He's a mucker to the backbone!" Watrous muttered to Manley. "He can never be anything else but a mucker!"

Eastman stared from face to face, reading the effect of his appeal, his face became haggard indeed.

There was a desperate look in his eyes.

"Oh, well," he muttered, sinking back to his seat on the sofa.

Then great, silent sobs shook his frame.

There was something too genuine in it all for the freshmen to doubt utterly any longer.

There is some good in every human being. Eastman's soft spot was now laid bare—his mother.

It was Manley who was first to answer the "mucker."

"Eastman," he suggested, "I guess we can arrange to keep this disgraceful thing quiet—on one condition."

"And what is that?" cried the sophomore, tremulously.

"You must write a clear, exact statement of your part in this affair, and sign it."

"For what purpose—what use?" choked Eastman.

"It will never be used unless you make it necessary. Your statement I will file away and lock up with the confession of Walters. Your confession will never be shown to anyone unless you attack some of us again. But, after your shameful conduct we must have some guarantee of your future good behavior."

"I—I can't sign any such statement," faltered the "mucker."

"Then," broke in Watrous, incisively, "I shall publish your scoundrelly conduct to the freshman class."

"No, no!" begged Eastman, rising. "Give me pen and paper. I'll write and sign."

"Make it a full and precise statement, then," commanded the freshman class president.

Eastman went in and seated himself at Hal's desk.

After a while the document was ready.

Watrous read it aloud to the others.

"That covers all the points," nodded Manley.

Watrous and Bradley signed as witnesses to Eastman's signature.

"And now, remember what you have promised, gentlemen," insisted the "mucker." "There is to be no publicity. I am not to have this story thrown at me around Yale."

"All present give you their pledge of silence," Watrous replied. "That pledge will be kept as long as you behave yourself as you should toward those whom you tried to wrong. That is all, Eastman."

"Just one minute, please," Frank interposed. "Eastman, I want to know whatever drove you to try to persecute us."

"Do you remember the night in the chop suey joint?" asked the soph. "When that fellow"—pointing to Joe—"tried to break my nose?"

"That was after you had brought it on yourself," Joe answered, hotheadedly.

"From my viewpoint," retorted the soph, "you were only freshmen. And you, Manley, brought a lot of joshing on me by your performance in the gym. So I wanted to drive the whole caboodle of you away."

"I guess that's all we wanted to ask you," Manley added, coldly.

There was chilling, absolute silence as Eastman moved to the door.

He closed it from the outside, and then Manley threw his arms around Winston.

"Jackets, you brick, you made it possible for us to get out of this fearful fix!" cried our hero.

"I only acted under orders," retorted Winston. "But I'm a whole lot glad that I was able to help."

In much less than an hour — i.e., I traveled through Pierson that Manley and his friends were completely exonerated from the fearful suspicion that had been pointed at them.

Moreover, the freshmen whose rooms had been robbed were made joyous by the prompt recovery of their property.

This accomplished, Walters left New Haven, and was not again seen there.

It would have been impossible to prosecute him without making public the whole story about Eastman, and a promise—even to a "mucker"—must be kept.

During the rest of the forenoon Manley and his friends were kept busy receiving calls from freshmen who came in to shake hands and congratulate them.

And at Commons that day, at luncheon, there was as much of a demonstration as freshmen—who are obliged to keep in the background—could venture to make.

At least a score of the best-known members of the freshman class stopped at one of the tables long enough to shake hands with Manley and his pals.

That was sufficient proof to the other students that any stories that had been circulated about the Woodstock boys and the Bradford boys were now known to be without foundation.

In the evening Frank marched his four friends up to the new Dunstan home.

Grace Scott, Hal's sweetheart, was at the house.

"I wonder if Fannie will ever get down this way?" sighed Joe, to himself. "No, I don't wonder, either. She said she'd find an excuse to be in New Haven, so I know well enough that she will."

"My girl has promised to get down this way as often as possible," Tod was thinking to himself.

While Jackets' thought was:

"I suppose, one of these days, I shall feel old enough to have a—"

Then he smiled to himself.

"Do you find college life all pleasure?" asked Kitty, as soon as she found a chance to talk with Frank by himself.

"Well, I hope to, from now on."

"What does that mean?" she asked, curiously, for something in his tone struck her oddly.

Then Frank gave her a brief account of his trouble, with all names of offenders omitted.

"I didn't know there were such people at college," Kitty observed.

"Oh, this chap is the only one of his kind at Yale," Frank exclaimed, loyally.

Then Kitty, smiling, told Frank about her father's astonishment at finding him in New Haven.

"He knows well enough, now, why I favored his moving to New Haven," laughed Kitty.

"What did he say, dear?"

"Oh, it was more what Dad didn't say that enlightened me," she laughed. "But he's been doing a lot of quiet thinking ever since."

"He told me he was planning to take you abroad to live," suggested Manley.

"Did he? Then that was only a tease, for papa is overrun with the amount of work he finds in his new undertaking. I doubt if he will get away even for a summer vacation."

"Do you like living in this town, Kit?"

"Of course," she answered, demurely. "Doesn't the town hold Yale?"

"But are you going to enjoy yourself here?"

"That depends, I suppose."

"Upon what?"

"Why, it depends a great deal upon yourself, you great stupid," she laughed. "Don't take to sending notes or telephoning to the effect that you couldn't get here on account of the other things you had to do."

"I won't," he promised.

"Is study really going to take up such an awful lot of your time?" she asked, anxiously.

"Why, of course, Kit, I've got to get the most that I can out of college. But study is so natural for me that I shan't have to grind as hard as many of the fellows do."

"Then you'll be able to run up here often, dear?"

"I'll do that, even if I have to sit up late with the books afterward."

"Young gentlemen," said John Dunstan, when he came in to bid them good night, "when you get away at college it isn't good for you to get wholly away from social life. So I trust you will look upon our home as the house of your friends!"

THE END.

It is a hard row, indeed, that the new freshman has to travel. He has many natural enemies, even among sophomores who are anything but "muckers." Another rousing story of the troubles of freshmen will be printed in No. 26 of Frank Manley's Weekly, out next week. This great story of Yale and of athletics will be printed under the title: "FRANK MANLEY'S FRESHMAN GRIT: OR, BEATING OUT A SOPHOMORE BULLY." It's a stirring story of lively Yale!

SPECIAL NOTICE. All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 21 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 57.

"Do you see that fellow over there?" asked a brother physical trainer, as I stepped into his gymnasium.

"Yes; what's the matter with him?"

"You see what he's doing?"

"Yes; turning handsprings."

"That's all he ever does," uttered my professional brother, in a tone of deep disgust. "He comes here night after night, and generally spends an hour on the floor, but he never does a thing but turn handsprings."

Now, that is a very general form of trouble that physical directors have to contend with.

The young gymnast finds that he excels at some particular feat—and after that it is hard to get him to do anything else.

While in the Yale gym recently, I looked about me, and found that the trouble had crept in among several of the young men, even in a place where physical training is followed as much as an exact science as it is at old Eli.

Don't go in for just one or two forms of exercise and stick to them all the time.

One of the vital needs of exercise is that the "work" should be varied a good deal from day to day.

You all know that there are a great many different sets of muscles in your bodies.

But did you ever stop to think that each set of muscles is intended for more than one kind of work?

When you devote all your attention to one kind of exercise you put your muscles out of the way of doing other kinds of tasks for which they are intended.

It is an excellent thing to get on the horizontal bar regularly, and to go in as strongly as you can for "chinning."

This exercise is one of the quickest builders of the arm muscles that I know of.

Yet it would be utter folly to do nothing else but "chinning" during your exercise hour.

If you were to "chin" for an hour a day for a hundred years, it wouldn't increase your striking power in the least. For chinning doesn't develop the muscle on the under side of the arm that is used in striking.

For the youngster who wants to develop his arms properly

must "chin" a part of the time and strike at the punching bag some more of the time.

Yet, even if you intend to be a boxer, it wouldn't be enough for you to take simply these two kinds of arm exercise.

A boxer must use his legs a great deal in what is known as "leg work."

Now, the best kinds of exercise for the legs consist of running and jumping.

No man can call himself an athlete who hasn't a strong back—so here are some more forms of exercise for which the young athlete must look out.

Bending, rowing and swimming are some of the exercises that are needed for building up the right kind of a back.

If you are going to be healthy and full of endurance, you must digest your food properly.

But you really can't do this unless you have some splendidly developed muscles around the waist line. This need calls for still more exercises.

And so I might go on through the list, but I guess I have said enough to convince any bright boy that it isn't enough to have one pet exercise, or even to devote one's self to three or four particular exercises.

When you go in for athletics, go in for a great variety. It's the only way to develop a physique really worth having.

Distance running is the best single exercise there is, but it isn't enough by itself.

Recently I was invited over to see the outdoor work of a newly organized athletic club.

When I got there I found that the club was only a running club, and that the members didn't go in for another blessed form of athletic work.

Those fellows were decidedly on the wrong track. I told them so, and tried to explain my meaning. I don't know, now, whether they really saw the point. I hope you will do better.

A boy with one exercise is like a man with one idea—a bore to himself and others!

Here is just a sketchy idea of what a good day of athletic work may consist of:

In the morning, before breakfast, fifteen minutes devoted to deep breathing, dumb-bells and bag punching. Then a jogging run of five miles, or as much of that distance as you can go. After that, a bath.

Then in the afternoon or evening, an hour devoted to Indian clubs, horizontal bar, jumping, trapeze and boxing, or wrestling.

This will give you a good program for the day—one that will do wonders toward putting you in condition and keeping you there.

But on the next day some of these details should be varied.

Variety in exercise has a double purpose to serve.

It saves you from monotony—fatigue of the mind—and it also helps wonderfully to keep the body from becoming tired.

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

St. Joseph, Mich., Nov. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly. Will you please answer these questions? I am 14 years of age; height, 5 feet 6 inches; shoulders, 15 inches; neck, 14½ inches; chest, normal 36 inches, expanded 40 inches; thighs, 22 inches; knee, 16 inches; calves, 15 inches; forearm, 10½ inches; wrist, 7 inches; elbow, 10 inches; upper arm, 9 inches; ankles, 10 inches; (1) Would I make a boxer? (2) What training would I have to undergo? (3) What is the proper diet for one in training?

Yours truly,

Lawrence Reeves.

(1) I believe you would make a good boxer, but am sorry you didn't state weight. (2) Such general training as you will find described in first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, and instruction in boxing by a really good teacher. (3) See Talks 33, 34 and 35.

Merrill, Wis., Oct. 31, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I write you to see what I should do to increase my weight. I am 12 years 6 months old; weight, 72 pounds; height 4 feet 9 inches. I am tall and thin. What can I do to get fleshier? I am a steady reader of Frank Manley's Weekly. Hoping to see the answer in your weekly, I remain,

A constant reader,

James L. Scott.

You are up to the average of weight at your age and height, and I would advise you to devote all your training thought to chest expansion and the development of your muscles. Follow the training described in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just begun reading your Frank Manley's Weekly and think they are great. Here in Rochester there is no room to do much in the athletic line like Frank Manley does. I am 12 years 5 months old; weight, 80 pounds; height, 4 feet 4 inches; chest, normal 26 inches, expanded, 28 inches; neck, 11 inches; biceps, 9 inches; forearm, 8½ inches; wrists, 5½ inches; right thigh, 18½ inches; left thigh, 19 inches; calves, 12 inches. (1) How am I in general? (2) What time should I go to bed? (3) What time should I get up? (4) How can I grow tall?

Yours very truly,
A Beginner.

(1) Satisfactory. (2) 8.30 p. m. (3) 6 a. m. (4) By keeping at physical training.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all the numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly published, and I think it is the best weekly out. I would like to ask you a few questions. Here are my exact measurements when I am stripped: I am 13 years 8½ months old; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 104 pounds; neck, 12½ inches; shoulders, 14½ inches; chest, normal 30½ inches, expanded 34 inches; biceps, 9½ inches, flexed 10½ inches; forearm, 9 inches, flexed 10 inches; left wrist, 6 inches, right 5½ inches; hips, 28½ inches; waist, 27½ inches; left thigh 18½ inches, right 17½ inches; calves, 13½ inches; ankles, 9½ inches. Here are some of my records: Running broad jump, 14 feet; standing jump, 8 feet 2 inches; high jump, 4 feet. Running record: 100 yards in 12 seconds. I can run one mile at a dog trot. (1) How are my measurements compared with other boys of my age? (2) What are my strong and weak points? (3)

How can I keep from getting muscle-bound? (4) How can I cure sore arms? (5) I can put the 12-pound shot 24 feet. How is this for my age? (6) Why do I sleep longer than other boys of my age? (7) How can I make my thighs both the same size? (8) In what time was the fastest 100 yards ever run? (9) How can I broaden my shoulders? I remain,

A Reader of Your Weekly.

P. S.—Hoping to see this in print, I thank you in advance. Please excuse length of my letter.

(1) Waist too large and chest expansion not quite sufficient; other measurements good. (2) Records good at your age. (3) By going through a lot of light, speedy exercise. Muscle-binding comes from working with too heavy weights. (4) Probably you are using too heavy weights. (5) Very good—but don't do too much of it. (6) Can't say. (7) By giving them equal amount of work. (8) To the best of my knowledge, 9 3-5 seconds. (9) Horizontal bar and punching-bag.

November 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all of the numbers of your most excellent weekly, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. My measurements are: Chest, contracted 30½ inches, normal 33 inches, expanded 36 inches; waist, 29 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 12½ inches; forearms, 10 inches; upper arms, right normal 9½ inches, flexed 11½ inches; left normal 9½ inches, flexed 10½ inches; neck, 12½ inches; width of shoulders, 16 inches; height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 130 pounds; age, 16 years 5 months. My records are: 100 yards, 12 seconds; 220 yards, 27 seconds; high jump, 4 feet 6 inches; 12-pound shot, 26 feet; 8-pound shot, 33 feet; broad jump, standing (heel-to-heel measurement), 8 feet 6 inches; running broad jump, 13 feet 10 inches; 8-pound hammer, 85 feet. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I improve my weak points? (3) How are my records? (4) In what number of Frank Manley's Weekly is the spit-ball described? Thanking you in advance for your advice, I am,

An Ardent Admirer.

(1) Measurements slender, but in good proportion. With an abundance of outdoor exercise these measurements will improve greatly in the next year or two. (2) Just keep on at training. (3) Records good at your age. (4) In one of the earlier baseball stories.

Dunn, N. C., Nov. 7, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I was looking over the young men's letters in Frank Manley's Weekly and saw how some of the young men had gained strength and become athletes under your constant care in your stories of training in the back of Frank Manley's Weekly. I have decided to take your advice and become an athlete if I can. I write this to see if you won't oblige me by answering to the best of your knowledge on my condition. My age is 13 years 10 months; weight, 105 pounds; height, 5 feet 5 inches; wrists, 6 inches; calves, 12½ inches; chest, normal 14 inches, expanded 16 inches. My exercise is running, boxing and wrestling. (1) How is my weight? (2) Tell my weak points. (3) How are my exercises? Wishing success to Frank Manley's Weekly, I remain,

Yours truly,
William J. Thompson.

P. S.—I am subject to bad headaches. If it is in your power please tell me what will cure it, as I have taken medicine and it won't cure.

(1) Satisfactory. (2) Your measurements appear to be very good, but you have measured your chest wrongly. The tape passes over the

chest and around the body under the arms. (3) You do not describe your exercises. Headaches may be due to hasty eating of food. Chew all food to fine pulp before swallowing, and drink nothing at mealtimes. Sleeping with a window open will also help to banish the headaches.

Hoyle, Mass., Nov. 15, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read a great many of your famous books and I think they are fine. Long life to them. I would like you to answer these few questions for me. I am 16 years 6 months old; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 135 pounds; neck, 14 inches; biceps, 10 inches contracted, 11 inches expanded; forearms, left 10 inches contracted, 11 inches expanded, right 10½ inches contracted, 11½ inches expanded; wrists, 7 inches; chest, normal 33 inches, expanded 36 inches; waist, 28½ inches; thighs, left 19 inches, right 18½ inches; calves, left 14 inches, right 14½ inches; ankles, 9 inches. Do you know a good cure for pimples? I have a few on my chin. They stay a while and then go away, and after a while come back again. How does freckles come on any one's face and hands? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,

A Would-be Healthy Boy.

P. S.—I hope to read all the books you publish. What do you think of my measurements? Do I weigh enough for my size?

Your measurements are excellent all through. Pimples are caused generally by greasy and heating food—fat meats, pastry, candy, etc. Freckles I cannot account for satisfactorily. They are not a sign of poor health, but are generally found on sturdy boys. Your weight is just right.

Brooklyn, Nov. 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read thirty-two numbers of The Young Athlete's Weekly and eleven of the Frank Manley's Weekly and admire them very much. As I see that you give friendly advice, I will take the liberty to give you my measurements. Stripped I stand 5 feet 5½ inches, age 15 years, weight 125½ lbs., chest normal 33 inches, expanded 37 inches, biceps 14½ inches, wrists 8½ inches, neck 15 inches, waist 32 inches, ankles 10 inches, knees 16 inches, calves 14½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Can I become an athlete? (3) What are my weak points, and how can I improve them? I can run a mile in seven minutes. (4) Is that good? I can swim myself twelve times without stopping. (5) Is that good, and if not how many times should I be able to do? Hoping to see this printed, I thank you in advance.

F. A. K., "619."

(1) Powerfully built. (2) Assuredly. (3) Too much waist-line is only weak point. Train it down. (4 and 5) Records good at your age.

Union, N. J., Nov. 12, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read many of your weeklies, I take great pleasure in recommending them to my friends. For one year now we have a club and have started to keep all of Frank Manley's Weeklies in our rooms, where they are read by thirty-two persons. I would like to ask you to let me know how to get rid of pimples, and also a few questions, as follows: I am 16 years old; height, 5 feet 8 inches; neck, 14½ inches; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 34 inches; waist, 26 inches; forearm, 9½ inches; wrist, 6½ inches; ankles, 9½ inches; across shoulders, 19 inches. I like running, walking, boxing, all kinds of clean sports. I have run for the five-mile championship of this town and won; also play end on football team; 100 yards in 12½ seconds; mile in 4 minutes 42½ seconds. How am I built for an athlete?

Yours very truly,

Pres. of Pal. Rec. Club

The remedy for pimples is found in great care of the diet, and in breathing freely of pure air which thus carries many impurities from the blood through the lungs. All greasy and heating foods tend toward pimples. Cannot advise as to your measurements, as you don't weight. The records are good. I wish your club great

Wheeling, W. Va., Nov. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been wanting to know for a long time what day is Frank Manley's birthday? This is the question I am going to ask you: When is Frank Manley's birthday? We want to celebrate it in our club.

Yours truly,

An Ex-Captain.

Frank Manley was born at 5:22 a. m., March 24, 1888.

Ludlow, Mass., Nov. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all your books, beginning with No. 1, and there is not one of them that I was not highly pleased with. Being a constant reader, I take the liberty to ask a few questions. I am 13 years 1 month old; weight, 86 pounds; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 32 inches; right biceps, normal 7½ inches; expanded 9 inches; left biceps, normal 7¼ inches, expanded 8¾ inches; calves, 12 inches; neck, 12 inches; height, 4 feet 8 inches.

P. S.—I hope Frank has a bowling alley in the new club.

You are very well built indeed, all you need being a little more chest expansion.

Dunn, N. C., Nov. 7, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have just finished No. 8 of Frank Manley's Weekly. I have read other books on athletics, but Frank Manley's Weekly cannot be beat. I have followed your advice in athletics, and I see a great change, for I am growing stronger every day. Two-thirds of the boys in our little town read Frank Manley's Weekly and say it is fine. Please answer these questions: (1) How are my measurements? (2) How is my weight? (3) How is my exercise? (4) Tell me if there is any other exercise I ought to take. Age, 14 years 11 months; height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 91 pounds; waist, 27 inches; calves, 12½ inches; neck, 13 inches; wrist, 6 inches; chest, normal 14 inches, expanded 16 inches; across shoulders, 14 inches. My exercise is running, swimming, playing ball and wrestling. Have I a very good chance of becoming an athlete? Please define my weak points. Hoping to see my letter and your answer in Frank Manley's Weekly, I remain,

Yours truly,

Herbert Taylor.

P. S.—I am a very good wrestler, and please tell me how to become one of the best.

You are several pounds under weight, and your waist is too large. Cannot say as to your chest, as you have measured it wrongly. The tape should pass over the chest and around the body, passing under the armpits. You are in good health and can easily become an athlete if you and your friends will rig up the home-made apparatus described in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, and use this apparatus as directed in the same.

New York, Nov. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to ask you a few questions. I am 12 years 7 months old; height, 5 feet; weight, 90 pounds; chest, normal 29 inches, expanded 30 inches; wrists, 5½ inches; neck, 11½ inches. I can run one-half mile in 4 minutes 28 seconds. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I improve. I run races with boys after school. I am a good wrestler. Wishing you success, I remain,

A Reader.

Chest expansion and neck development are needed. General outdoor exercise will bring you to the best possible condition.

Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of the finest library in the world, I now avail myself of the opportunity to write you these few lines. I am captain of a club of young fellows ("Rough and Ready") and we indulge in all athletic sports. There are only sixteen in our club, and we all know your library as being a necessity in it. Before it came out we were just an ordinary lot of youngsters running around. Now, we have been following your advice, as far

as possible, I think we have developed into a pretty good set of athletes. We are all working fellows, so you see we do not have very much time for athletic sports. Last summer we played baseball every Saturday afternoon, and lost only four games the entire season. I am glad that Captain Tod has come to his senses and fully realizes the true friendship of Frank Manley. Having written so much already, I will not bother you with my measurements, but in the near future I shall send them. I am 16 years old; weight, 136 pounds; height, 5 feet 7 inches. Hoping that this will receive at least some attention, I remain,

Yours truly,
Richard Reynolds.

Your height and weight correspond well at your age. I am delighted at hearing how much benefit you have received from this weekly. A few years of boyhood devoted to athletics and health-getting make for happiness and success all through life—for what can you accomplish in life's battles unless you have nearly perfect health?

New York, Nov. 3, 1905.
Dear Physical Director:

Kindly advise me as to the correctness of my measurements. I am 14, nearly 15, years old; weight, 90 pounds; height, 5 feet. These are all the measurements I can inform you of. I will say in regard to your weekly that it is the best weekly of athletics I have ever read, and I have read a good many of them. Hoping this letter will appear in your "Letters from Readers," I am,

An admiring friend,

Henry H. John.

P. S.—Kindly give me a schedule, as I work all day and have not much time to train.

Height, weight and age correspond well. For training, take thirty to forty-five minutes daily of exercise with home-made apparatus along the lines described in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly. Vary the exercises from day to day so that they do not become monotonous.

New York, Nov. 15, 1905.
Dear Physical Director:

I am a young man 18 years of age. My great ambition is to become an athlete. I am a pretty good runner. My time for 60 yards, unstripped, with leather shoes on a straight track is 6 5-6 seconds. Is this good time? I would like to train with Frank Manley and his Up and At 'Em Boys, and can afford to pay a high price to have him train me. Would he do this? I have all the books except Nos. 17 and 27 of Young Athletes Weekly.

Yours sincerely,
William Waldorf Rothschild.

Your record for the dash is excellent. I am sorry to say that Manley's time is so fully taken up that he cannot take on any more pupils. But you can get all the benefits of his system at home if you will go in thoroughly for his system of training as fully described in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly. Take a few of the exercises each day, varying the work all you can.

New York City, Nov. 18, 1905.
Dear Physical Director:

As I have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly as long as it has been published, I would like to ask you what you think of my physical condition. I am 14 years 9 months old; weight, 86 pounds; chest, normal 26 inches, expanded 28½ inches. Please answer me the following questions: (1) Am I tall enough for my age, and do I weigh enough? (2) How is my chest expansion? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain, an admirer of Hal Spofford,

X. Y. Z.

You do not state your height, and your measurements are too incompletely given to enable me to form any conclusions.

Cincinnati, O., Nov. 13, 1905.
Dear Physical Director:

Please answer my questions. My measurements are as follows: Age, 13 years 8 months; chest, normal 28 inches, expanded 31 inches; height, 4 feet 11 inches; weight, 81 pounds;

ankles, 10 inches. (1) What are my weak points? (2) How may my weak points be improved? (3) Do you think I could learn to be an athlete? Very good at running.

A fond reader for athletics,
George Thomas.

Your measurements are very good, and you can certainly become an athlete.

Berlin, Wis., Nov. 9, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I read your weekly and like it very much. I am going to take the liberty to ask you a few questions about my physique. Weight, 107 pounds; age, 13 years 6 months; height, 5 feet 2 inches; chest, normal 29 inches, expanded 31 inches; waist, 26 inches; calves, 12½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How much sleep should a boy of my age take? I will be very glad if you will answer my questions, as I wish to know how I am getting along. Wishing a long life to Frank Manley's Weekly. I remain,

Yours truly,
Lawrence Hawley.

(1) More chest expansion and less waist line needed. (2) From 8 to 6.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. I am 18 years old; weight, 140 pounds; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; around shoulders, 43 inches; chest, normal 36 inches, expanded 40 inches; waist, 30 inches; calves, 14½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Will I grow taller, or don't boys grow after they are 18 years old? Hoping to see this in your next issue, I remain,

A Constant Reader.

(1) Solidly and well built; two inches too much waist line is only defect. (2) Growth in height should not stop before the age of 24 is reached.

Bremen, Ind., Nov. 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly since the first number was published, and only sent in my measurements once, I think it is about time for me to send them in again, as I have been sick since then. My measurements are: Age, 15 years; weight, 131 pounds; height, 5 feet 5 inches; calves, 15 inches; thighs, 19 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; biceps, normal 10 inches, expanded 12 inches; forearms, left 10 inches, right 9½ inches; waist, 30 inches; neck, 15 inches; chest, normal 29 inches, expanded 34 inches; ankles, 11 inches; width from shoulder to shoulder, 19 inches; reach, 68 inches; knee, 15 inches; hips, 36 inches. What are my weak points? Please tell me how to strengthen them. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,
Claud Stine.

P. S.—I am one of the few southpaws.

You are a big fellow, all over, but the thing that needs most attention is the reduction of your waist line. You are some three inches too large there.

Williston, N. D., Nov. 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I have read Frank Manley's Weekly since it first came out, and am well pleased with it, I would like to have you answer a few questions, please. I am 14 years 4 months old; weight, 69½ pounds; height, 4 feet 6 inches; neck, 12 inches; chest, normal 27 inches, expanded 28½ inches; waist, 25 inches; thighs, 16 inches; ankles, 8½ inches; calves, 11 inches; wrists, 5½ inches; across shoulders, 14 inches. I know that I am a bit too small for my age, for my father is a man of 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 175 pounds. My mother is 5 feet 6 inches tall. (1) What exercise or treatment would make me grow taller? (2) Where are my weak points? (3) Am I proportioned right? Hoping to see this in print, and thanking you in advance, I remain,

Yours truly,
Wild and Wooly West.

P. S.—Please excuse mistakes and writing.

(1) Go in for the course of training fully described in the first fifteen numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly. You can make your own apparatus, as directed. (2) You are small, but are well and compactly built, except that the waist line is too large.

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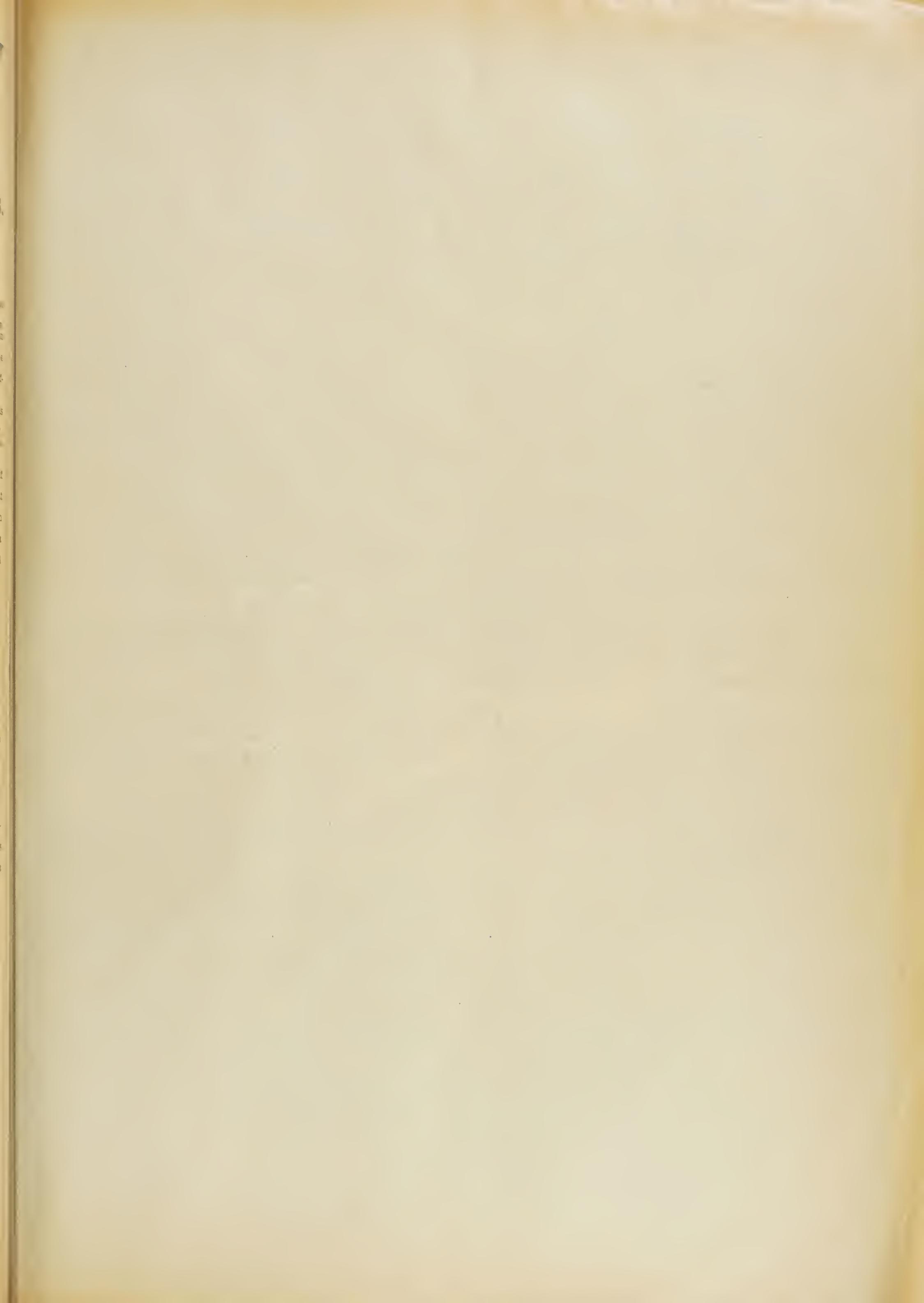
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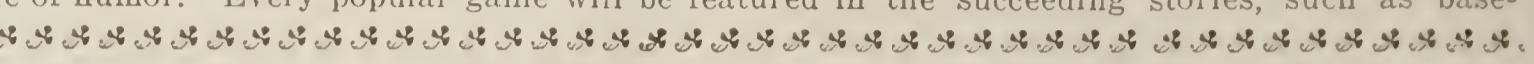
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